

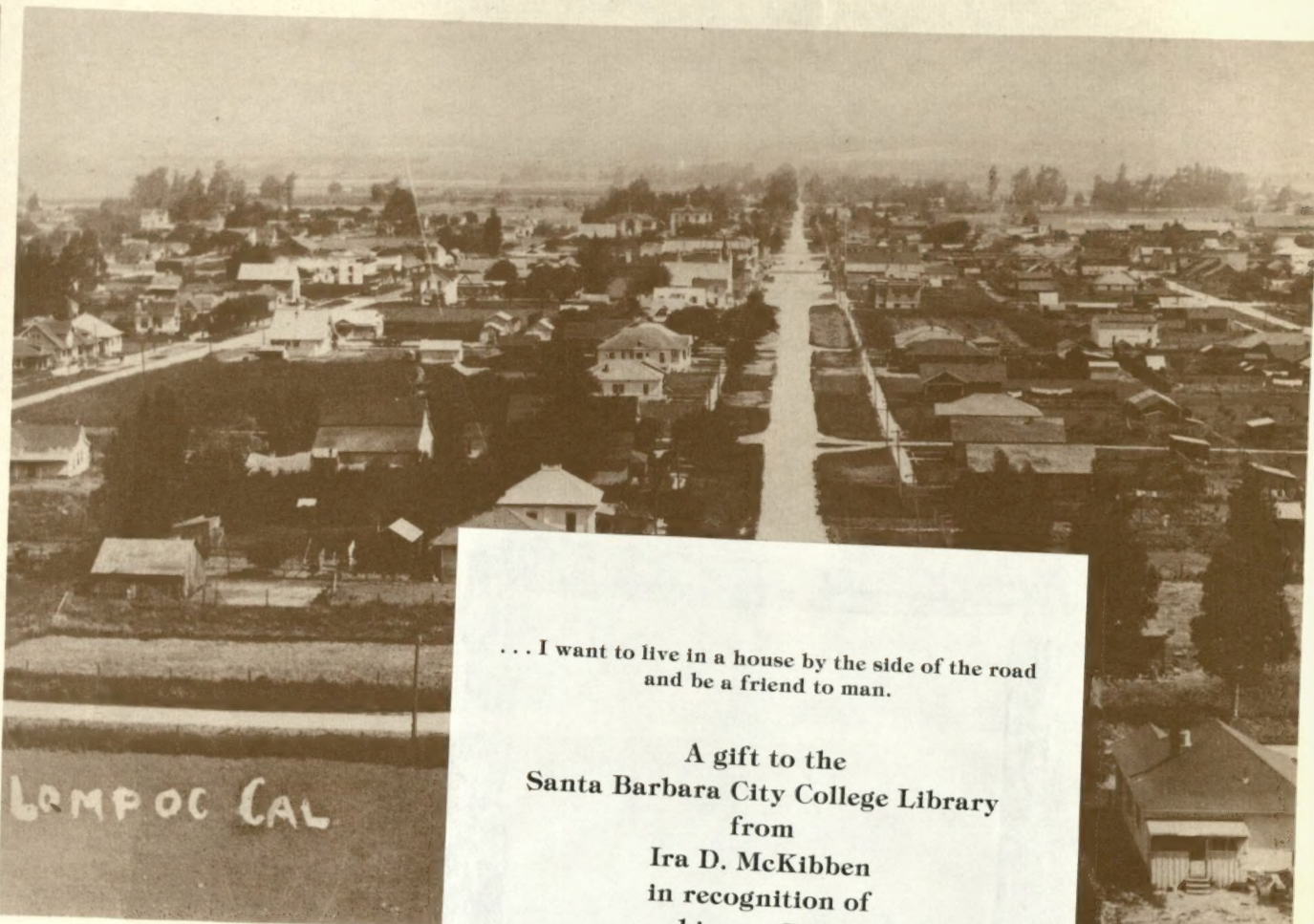




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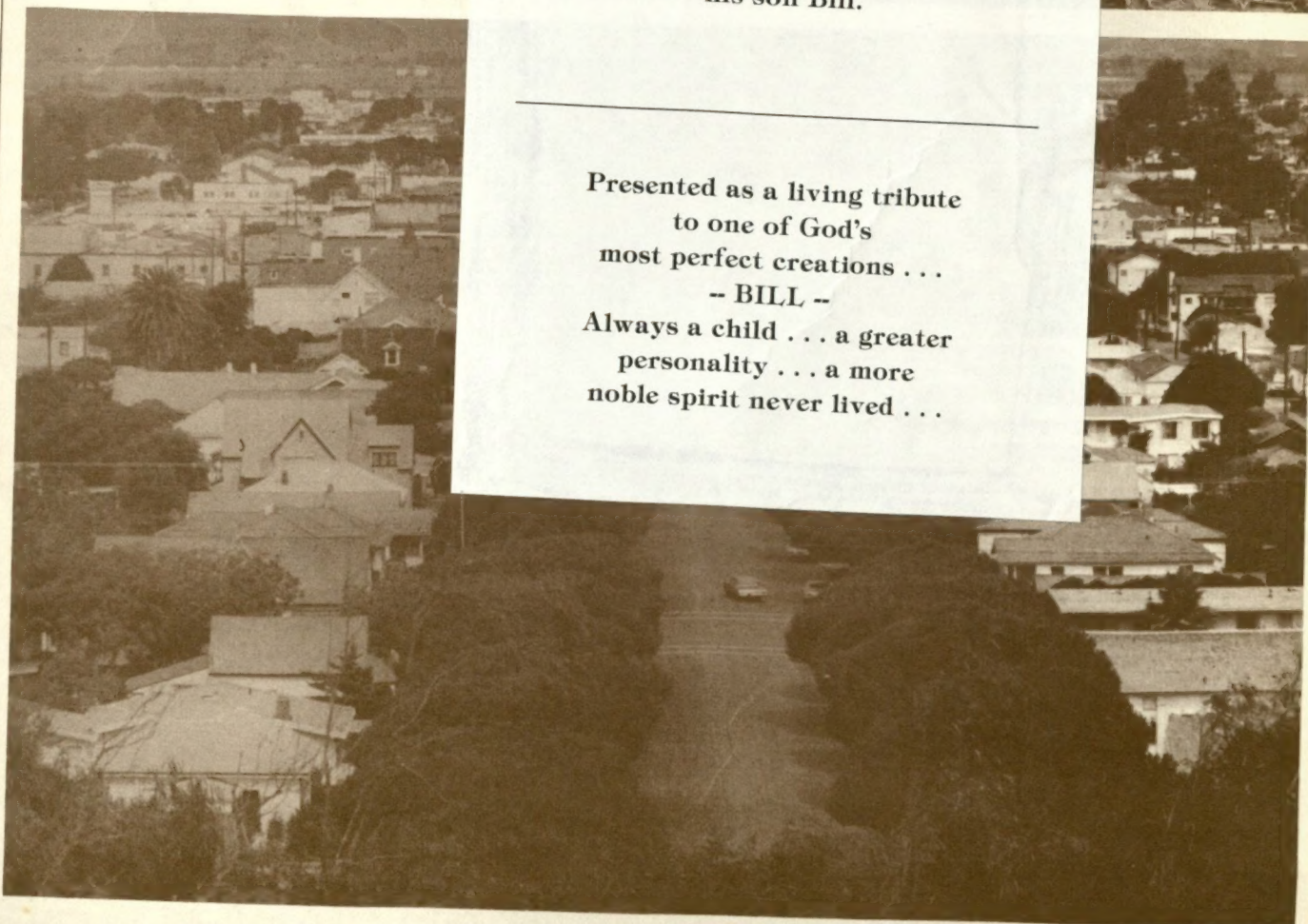
LOMPŌC:

The First 100 Years



... I want to live in a house by the side of the road
and be a friend to man.

A gift to the
Santa Barbara City College Library
from
Ira D. McKibben
in recognition of
his son Bill.



Presented as a living tribute
to one of God's
most perfect creations . . .

-- BILL --

Always a child . . . a greater
personality . . . a more
noble spirit never lived . . .

IRA D. McKibben

Santa Barbara City College Library

The Valley

LOMPOC:

The First 100 Years

100 - Special Centennial

Published by

The Lompoc Centennial Committee

1874-1974

THE COVERS: La Purisima Mission, rejuvinated at its post-1812 site, reflects the area's rich Spanish and Mexican heritages on the top, front color cover, and seems to project the viewer's eye toward modern Lompoc in the distance, with its verdant backdrop of foothills.

Below, a local barn appears all but submerged in a tide of mustard. Though an aerospace center, in Lompoc, 1974, people still dwell and children grow up as surrounded by their valley's native character.

On the inside front cover, opposite page, are views north along H Street glimpsed in 1918 and 1973. On the left in 1918 could be discerned the spires of the Methodist Church and in the distance, the old grammar school at the 1974 site of El Camino Elementary. On the right side of South H one can pick out the 1910 Carnegie Library, dedicated much later as the Lompoc Museum, alone on its block at the corner of South H and Cypress. The old library serves as an easy reference point in city views after 1910. It appears in the panoramas on pages 28-29 and in other city views throughout the book.

Traffic along H Street in 1918 appears leisurely compared with the 1973 tele-

photo shot, also from the top of Cross Hill, below.

On the rear color cover, top, the valley's persisting agricultural theme is sounded again by a view of the annual summer floral extravaganza which has made Lompoc the flower seed capital of the world and "The Valley of Flowers." Below, a 1973 view of the modern city's West Side during the annual June Flower Festival at Ryon Park.

City scenes in 1917 and 1966 are depicted on the inside rear cover on the 100 block of South H Street, top, all of the 1917 buildings on the right side of the street (east) are gone. Those on the left have been remodeled and stand in 1974. Note the distant vista down North H Street.

The aerial 1966 view, below, includes several buildings which are now gone, among them the bank building at the northeast (lower left) corner of H and Ocean, the commercial building at the southeast corner of that intersection and the Lompoc Record building, on the right (west) side of North H, which was half consumed by flames in December, 1971 and was replaced in 1974. Lompoc downtown didn't look the same—even in 1966.

Thousands of years ago the setting would have been familiar: a procession of rounded hills filing toward the ocean at the spine of an inland range, called later the Santa Ynez; a bank of white-patched hills, the Santa Rita, to the east, and to the north a gusty plateau, the Burton Mesa, and the eventual Purisima Hills—and all of them linked into a gentle amphitheatre around a flat valley floor, the Lompoc Valley, opening in the west to the sea and overrun by the river, its author.

The hills are ancient, the valley new. The river for eons deposited the rich humus and soils eroded by its inland career on the valley floor, first assuming one course through it, then another, and at times leaving it a marsh or a lake. What resulted was a fertile floodplain of 15,000 acres in a valley 12 miles long and one to three miles wide. Dense stands of broad leafed trees and grasslands alternated on the plain while the surrounding hills were shot through with sandstone, limestone, basalt, clays, cherts and serpentine and betrayed patches of diatomite, formed eons before.

Chaparrals blanketed the uplands with periodic live oaks and rarer stands of scrub pine and clear water abounded from creeks and streams feeding the floodplain from the hills. Ducks, geese and wildfowl blackened the sky above the wetlands, deer abounded and there were elk, and the monarch of the arena, even for thousands of years after man's tentative appearance, was the grizzly.



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PHOTOS: Miguelito school children, the sons and daughters of Johns-Manville workers who dwelt in the company's Espana Canyon settlement in the 30s, pose in front of their bus, top, opposite page, in a variety of foot and head wear.

Below, adults pause from their fruit picking pursuits at the Central Avenue and O Street apple orchard of Isaac Montgomery Clark, the man with the beard at the left, with his wife. Lompoc was a large fruit growing and orchard area in the 1880s through the 1900s and Clark's orchard was one of the largest.

Editor's Note

This commemorative booklet does not represent a new body of historical research. It is, rather, a collection of pieces written with present knowledge, some of them previously published, some written especially, and some recollections of Lompoc's history by people who lived it themselves.

The purpose of this publication is not to etch the valley's first 100 years in infinite detail, but to paint it in broad, though vivid, strokes, relying heavily on photography and footnoting public history with private.

Technical or writing quality, significance, compactness and reader appeal, then, were our editorial guidelines, not the favoring or disfavoring of any particular group, family or individual.

This booklet was financed by the Lompoc Centennial Committee with donated funds and profits from its sale will accrue to that committee to help underwrite the 1974 Lompoc Centennial celebration. No editor or author associated with this book was compensated for his or her work.

The editors would like to extend their appreciation to the following people: VIRGIL HODGES and WALTER ZIESCHE for early photographs; DAN DUFFY for photo assistance; MARGUERITE HALL for many fine photographs; the LOMPOC VALLEY HISTORICAL SOCIETY, Inc., for their vast local historical resources; GILBERT MARTIN for research on Lompoc school construction; ETHEL SMITH for compiling her Lompoc Chronology; STAN TULLEDO for rounding up many photos and research for several captions; WALT DUNDON for background and photos from NASA; JACK CHIROCHETTI and JOHNS-MANVILLE CORP. for material and photos covering early diatomaceous mining; the U. S. AIR FORCE for work by Vandenberg Historian JOSEPH DONOHUE.—THE EDITORS

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The First Epic

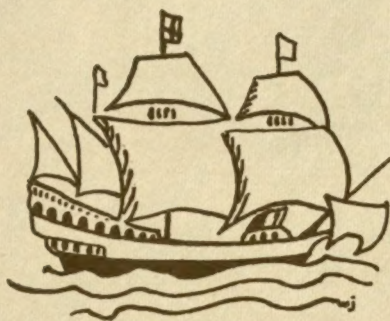
The epic of the very first peoples to inhabit this area is mostly still written deep in the local soils. It's safe to say that they weren't Chumash, who the Spanish encountered in the valley in the 1770s, and they need not have even been their ancestors.

They were simple food gatherers, confined by the elements, their diet and probably also the grizzly bear to the brief coastal meadows of the south-facing juts of what is now the Vandenberg coast. They did not plant, neither did they hunt and they migrated here, probably from the lush Santa Barbara south coastal plain, perhaps 8,000 years ago.

Their diet abounded with mussels, abalone, crabs and lobsters snatched from the tides. Ashore they could savor the salty atriplex berries and button sage among a host of grassland staples or acorns gathered in forays into the interior. Their religion was probably dominated by animal gods whose mythologies gave meaning to their rituals. But we know nothing of this.

Their life wasn't princely, but it was long, long enduring and for thousands of years the windy coastal silence was broken only by the endless clapping of stone mortars, the sound of their women grinding seed. Today, over the vast life and burial sites they left, the spring mustard still grows the highest.

At some time, some ancient people of this area began fashioning weapons of the abundant chert and turning them against the sea mammals that teamed in vast rookeries along the coast.



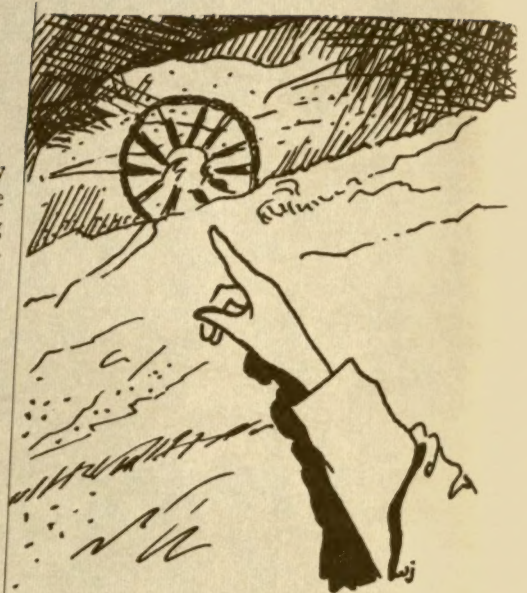
The first of these were large, heavy hand axes which primitive artisans gave a serviceable point and edges by striking perpendicularly with hammer stones, dislodging large glassy flakes. The technique is now called percussion flaking. It gradually broadened this early people's repertoire as predators but, as they perhaps were made to harshly realize, the bounty of the interior, the trout and slapping salmon of the fresh watercourses, the deer and the fowl, were still not for them. Their heavy, dull weaponry was not proof against bear.

But, from perhaps 3,000 to 5,000 years ago, a refined flaking tradition gradually came to pass, one which may have at last opened to the coastal hunter the rich interior valley. It was pressure flaking. Instead of striking down at a chert blank with stones to dislodge flakes, the later artisans employed finer tools of antler or bone to slowly pressure and twist off delicate flakes at the weapons' edges. The new product was light, dainty, and deadly sharp and, attached to a spear heaved swiftly by a strong and courageous arm, it had a chance of stopping a grizzly.

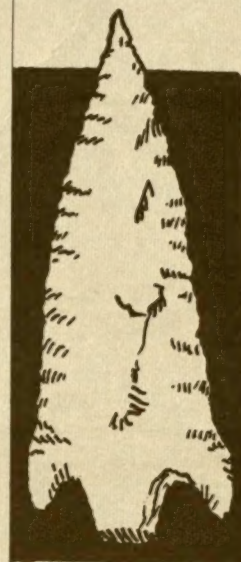
The Indians the Spanish encountered here, who were later called Chumash, had moved inland, though they'd far from eliminated the grizzly and still also dwelt near the coast. They did not plant, but the gathering was good in its seasons and they had the game and fish of the interior and the varied diet of the coast. Like other California Indians, they occurred not in a vast nation like the Apache or Sioux of the Great Plains, but in small, clan-like "tribelets" with well defined territories and even separate dialects of a common ancestor language.

There is some indication that poaching, abduction of women or other such border incidents may periodically have turned them against each other in blood feuds, though peace may have been the rule. It is probable that they too told and retold a rich mythology of animal spirits who they believed created the world somewhere nearby, and that their society was as enduring as any. But they couldn't possibly have been prepared for the cataclysm which confronted them with the Spanish, nor did they long survive it.

—by STEVE LARUE

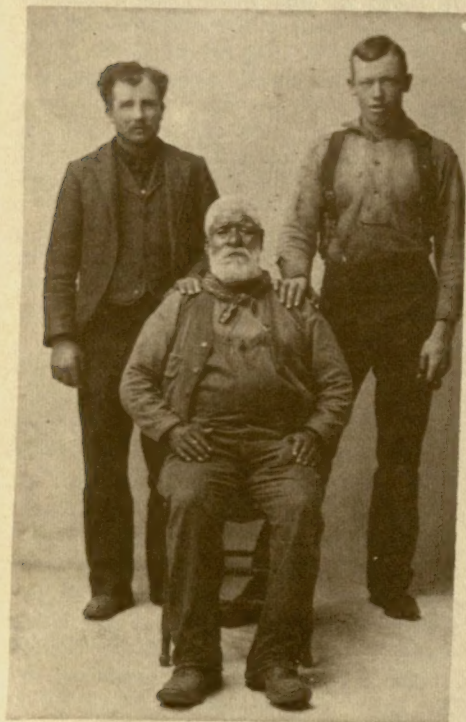


Rock paintings such as depicted above, still adorn certain of this area's caves and stone faces, dimly reflecting prehistoric arts and mythologies. The crude hand axe, below right, evolved in the hands of early hunters into the much smaller, deadlier point at the left. Below drawings are not to scale.



Enter The Spanish

Mission La Purisima, as painted here, was first located within present day Lompoc (on South E, F and G Streets, the town's south foothills.) Note the Chumash huts to the right of the building. A severe temblor in 1812 demolished the original structure and another was begun across the river on the site of the present state park. Below, Fernando Librado, a Mission Indian raised by the Padres, is flanked early in the century by cowhands William "Jerd" Barker and John "Pad" Forbes, a blacksmith. Librado is said to have died a few years after this photo was taken. His last name means "freed" in Spanish.



Gaspar de Portola inched his contingent of Spanish and colonial soldiers, the first European land expedition into California, north along the virgin coast in 1769, with his diarist, Father Crespi, bestowing the names of saints and princes on the pristine geography. But as often as not it was the descriptive place names of his alternatively hungry, ill and exhausted troops that stuck: Gaviota (seagull) where they bolted a welcome meal of sea birds; Cojo, after the name of a Chumash chief; Espada, where an Indian stole one of their weapons; Pedernales, where they found flints for their muskets. The party camped just south of Surf on August 30, 1769. Crespi found the dark natives of the area "tractable". Petrified would have as well described a race that had never seen horses, gleaming metal, gun powder or cloth.

The cross was raised for the original La Purisima Mission on December 8, 1787 by the Franciscan Francis Lasuen. So began both the Spanish and Mexican occupation of the valley, and also the swift and total attrition of the Chumash. The fathers set about baptizing the indians into "neophytes" with Spanish names, constructing an adobe church, setting up confirmation classes and translating the catechism into the native tongues. The Indians were not at first forced to come to the mission, but, once baptized were forbidden to leave. Proffered beads, cloth and food, they readily submitted to the painless ritual.

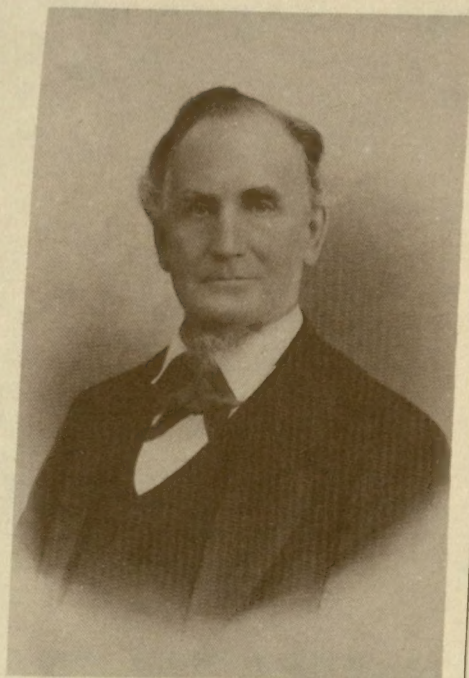
The humane enough aim of the mission system was to spiritually prepare the new races to someday enter Spanish colonial society as citizens, but to strengthen Spain's outposts with their effectively forced labor in the meanwhile. Only half of the program worked.

By 1804, 1,520 neophytes were institutionalized within La Purisima Mission. Though new "converts" steadily came and were brought to augment this population in the following years, by 1846 there were but 160 left.

Some had left the mission when it was secularized from the church in 1834 and some were killed in a futile rebellion in 1824, true. But the greatest single cause of mission Indian deaths in California was syphilis, brought by the Spanish military, which weakened the confined neophytes into easy prey for measles, typhoid, pneumonia and other maladies that at intervals thinned their numbers by a third to a half. Also, the incredible shock of being stripped of an entire cultural heritage, from land and gods to even their names, must have injured the native peoples unimaginably. Even the face of Fernando Librado, who was photographed in 1909 and said to be one of the last Purisima neophytes, seems bereft and betraying in the eyes a long unanswered appeal to the old gods.—By STEVE LARUE

Hollister

Col. W. W. Hollister, right, was one of the valley's first Anglo-American owners. Born in Ohio of English stock, he headed west in 1851 with 200 head of cattle and later with some 9,000 sheep with which he built a fortune. He entered into partnership with Thomas and Albert Dibblee and acquired a chain of contiguous Mexican land grants including Ranchos Refugio, San Julian, Salsipuedes, Las Cruces and Lompoc, where vast herds of his sheep grazed before he sold part of these holdings to the Lompoc Valley Land Company in 1874.



Jack Powers' Last Holdup

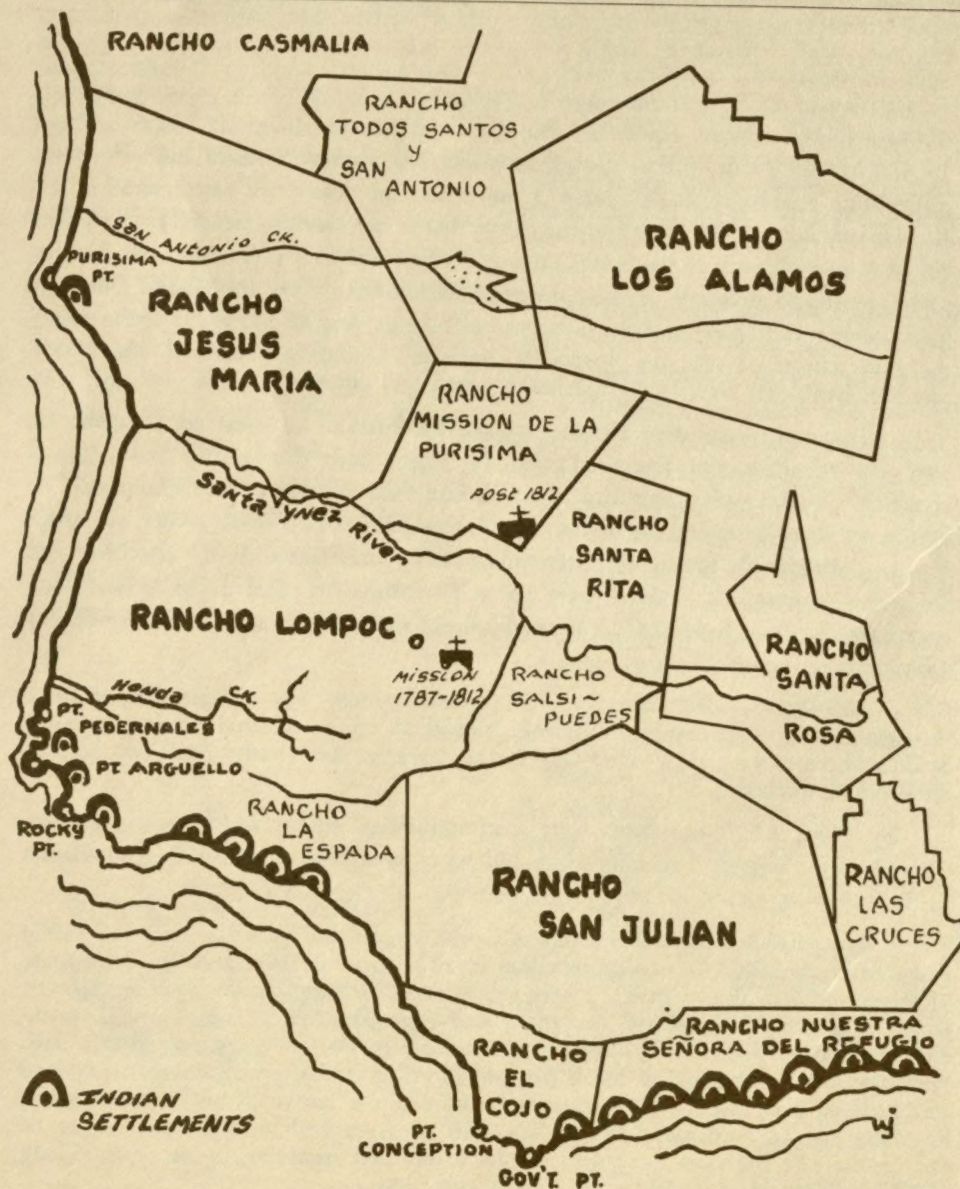
Perhaps the best known Early California bandit was Joaquin Murieta, who roamed Santa Barbara County, was thought both a Robin Hood and a murderer, is said to have buried treasures near Casmalia, north of Lompoc, and, they say, whose head was finally preserved in alcohol.

But the Lompoc area was more familiar with Jack Powers, whose plundering kept Santa Barbara at ransom from 1847-1857 and who was forced to flee to Mexico after an incident on Burton Mesa. Powers and a band of outlaws are said to have waylaid two Basque cattle buyers, brothers, at the head of Pine Canyon on this windy mesa just north of Lompoc on the Jesus Maria Rancho.

Instead of submitting tamely to slaughter, one of them replied with a pistol shot that went through Powers' leg and killed his horse. As this Basque galloped down the canyon behind his brother, he was caught in the back with a return volley from Powers' band, but managed to round a turn out of sight of his pursuers and lead his mount into a thicket as the brigands clattered by. There, after tying his horse, he died, leaving the animal to starve. His brother was overtaken by the outlaws at the edge of the Santa Ynez River and murdered in a broadside of fire.

Wounded, Powers moved on toward Santa Barbara where, from the Dos Pueblos Rancho, one of his riders kidnapped a physician to tend the leader's wounds. The story of the Basque brothers ired Santa Barbarans into probing to the countryside after the bandit who, they knew, would now be easily identified. This triggered the brigand's successful escape to Mexico with his lieutenant, Rafael Monea. He is said to have died there, three years later, at Monea's own hands, in a dispute over a woman.

Ten years later, in 1867, Juan Olivera, son of Mexican soldier Antonio Olivera, who had been granted the Rancho Jesus Maria, came upon the skeletons of the defiant Basque and his horse in a Pine Canyon thicket. And from the Basque saddle trappings, Olivera pulled out ten hexagonal slugs of gold.





Salsipuedes: 'Flee if you can.'

Great herds of cattle were once driven from Southern California to the northern part of the state. They were sold in San Francisco. When the cattlemen traveled back, they were laden with gold and silver.

The area around Lompoc used to be a perfect spot for purloiners of coin in the early 1800s. The arroyos and canyons of the valley provided cover for bands of thieves. One spot that was particularly good for the bandit business was near the San Julian Rancho on the Santa Rosa Road. It is now called Salsipuedes.

Salsipuedes got its name from a maneuver that the thieves used with a good deal of success. Word of a profitable transaction in the north would travel south at a rate that would put Western Union to shame. A network of scouts kept the bandit leaders fully informed on the progress of the returning cattlemen.

The drovers ambled along. In San Francisco they had spent some of their earnings celebrating the end of the long, hard and hot journey. The champagne and carousing had left them weary and it was hard to maintain the alertness that was necessary to fend off robbers.

As they neared the San Julian Rancho, they had to pass through a narrow canyon. They were forced to ride single file in order to get through. Suddenly shouts were heard ahead. The bandits had shut them off from the front as the startled file of men tried to turn around, shouts went up from the rear. They were trapped.

One can easily imagine hidden Mexican bandits shouting menacingly and anonymously, "Sal si puedes," (come out if you can). The confined men had but once choice: lose their money or die. Cattlemen became smarter after this happened a few times and began avoiding the Salsipuedes route. They kept their money and their lives by doing it; Salsipuedes kept the name.—

by TRUDY SCHOENFELDT

Alfred Robinson was important to the Lompoc area because he wrote about La Purisima Mission in his book, "Life in California". His plan was to give worldwide publicity to the attractions of California. Robinson first came to the Lompoc area in 1829.

The most significant result of his book, published in 1846, was the land boom it created. After reading "Life in California," thousands of Easterners rushed to the "land of promise," many finding their way to the Central Coast.

La Purisima was described as possessing "abundant wealth in cattle and planting grounds," and located not too far from the sea shore.

Robinson wrote of riding horseback "over woody summits," descending to the seacoast, onto a smooth, sandy beach. Here we raced along at a rapid rate until it was necessary to strike out for the interior, through numerous sand hills. Passing these we reached an extensive plain, in the midst of which lay the cattle farm of La Purisima, called 'Guadalupe'."

Below: Robinson in about 1890 with his grandson, Alfred.

By STAN TULLEDO



LUM-POC: Little Lake

The story goes that the Chumash Indians who inhabited this valley gave the area its name. Once there was a lake that spread across this region which the Indians called "Lum Poc" meaning little lake or laguna.

The Spanish who arrived here called it more lyrically "Lumpoco," accenting the second syllable and making the o of that syllable long. The Spaniards could understand the word. Their Indian guides took them into the hills overlooking the mouth of the Santa Ynez River where the laguna formed and repeated the word over and over.

By the time settlers began to arrive in the valley, the name had been Anglicized. Most of the native Indians were gone, and the long defunct mission was no longer a Spanish stronghold.

The founding fathers of Lompoc modeled their city after Vineland, N. J., which was a thriving temperance community. After Lompoc was settled in 1874, some citizens got together and proposed that the name be changed to New Vineland.

The idea was not well received. The Lompoc Record stated at that time that "Lompoc is too far gone to be supplanted. The name don't (sic) sound so bad when one gets used to it. . . ." The idea fizzled.

A second try was made in 1939. C. K. Hardenbrook suggested that the city be called La Purisima. He thought that it sounded more attractive and that it lent an historic significance to the town. Once again local citizens stood their ground. Everywhere that Hardenbrook broached the subject his ears echoed with a resounding "No!"

The Chumash name remains to this day. Strangers often mispronounce it, but they are soon set straight by the citizens.—by TRUDY SCHOENFELDT

The Colony

By 1847 the break up of the great ranchos of Southern California was well under way. The successors of the cattle barons after the drought of 1863-1864, now found that the only answer to success was the subdivision of their large holdings. Settlers must be encouraged to come. The time for such a change was opportune. The vanguard of the great army of homeseekers that began its westward march after the end of the Civil War had reached central California. The report of cheap lands in the south turned many of them in that direction.

But the aftermath of the Civil War had not only set in force the hungry land seekers, but it had also set in motion a great wave of temperance. Many of the people of California became very interested in adopting some law to curb the intemperance of drink which had been growing steadily since the gold rush. The legislature finally passed a local option law in 1874. Perhaps no community was more anxious to put this law into effect than Santa Cruz, California. W. W. Broughton, editor of the Santa Cruz ENTERPRISE, was a devoted advocate of the temperance cause.

The California Local Option Law was declared unconstitutional a few months later. But Broughton had other ideas regarding temperance. With plenty of land in the southern part of the state, why not start a new community dedicated to the cause of temperance? With such ideas in mind, he journeyed to Santa Barbara in 1870, where he met Colonel W. W. Hollister. Four years later, the Lompoc Valley Land Company was formed to undertake the settlement of a colony in the Lompoc Valley, started by a group of businessmen from San Francisco, Santa Barbara and Santa Cruz and incorporated August 22, 1874.

We find this clause in the By Laws of the Company:

"No vinous, malt, spiritous or other intoxicating liquors shall ever be manufactured or sold upon any portion of the Lompoc and Mission Vieja Ranchos purchased by this corporation. . . ."

On September 7, 1874, an agreement of sale was reached between the owners of the Lompoc and Mission Vieja Ranchos. By this contract, the Lompoc Valley Land Company agreed to pay \$500,000 for this property.—by MARGUERITE M. DART.

The original Lompoc Colony Lands consisted of the Lompoc Rancho, containing 38,335 acres which was granted to Jose Antonio Carrillo by the Mexican Government in April of 1837, and the Mission Vieja de la Purisima Rancho, containing 4,440 acres granted to Joaquin and Jose Carrillo by the Mexican government in November of 1845. Surveyors were at once set to work and divided the land into five, ten, twenty, forty and eighty-acre lots. One square mile was reserved for a town site. It was situated nine miles from the coast, near the center of Lompoc Valley, and supplied with good water sufficient for a population of 25,000.

For days before the time set for the sale the ground had been alive with people looking for homes. When the day of sale came, a caravan embracing an odd variety

Early Lompoc family. Photo by Virgil Hodges



H. S. Rudolph, Lompoc's first mayor



Pioneer tent near mission ruins.

Below, W. W. Broughton

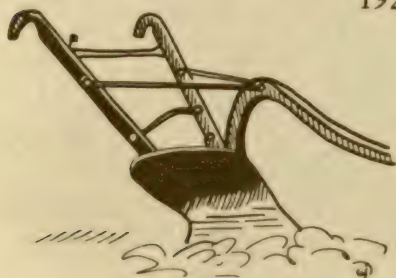


The Boy and the Plow

"My father and I moved into this log cabin (in Lompoc) in December 1875 and we lived in it for two years.

"I never knew what a pair of stockings, boots or shoes were for four years. We had no watch or clock and father would make me get out of a warm bed to see if I could see the morning star over the mountains south of the cabin. If I could I had to dress and go after the horses. The vegetation was often covered with heavy frost which was like ice and being barefooted the grass and ice would cut my feet making them bleed.

"On the first day of January 1876 I was washing dishes in the log cabin. Father was plowing near the cabin and he called me out and wanted to know if I had the dishes washed. I told him no, but my curiosity was aroused so I went back and hurried. When he returned I told him I had the dishes washed and asked him what he wanted. He said, 'Get in between the plow handles,' and I did. I thought I was in the swim but I found out soon enough that it was hard swimming. He walked along with me for two rounds, then he put the lines over my shoulders and went two more rounds with me. He asked me if I could manage the horses. When I told him I could he left me—got another team of horses and a larger plow. He plowed the one side of the field and I the other. For the next forty years I never missed a year but what I was between the handles of a plow."—As remembered by WILL ROBINSON in 1928.



\$550 ⁰⁰		LOMPOC VALLEY LAND COMPANY.	
Assessment No. 1	}	San Jose Oct 28 th 1874	
Levied 187			
Received from <u>Andrew L. Kuyck</u> the sum			
of <u>Five Hundred & Fifty (\$550⁰⁰)</u> Dollars, being			
Assessment No. 1 of 11 per cent per Share, on 100 Shares			
of the Capital Stock of the above named Company, standing in			
the name of <u>Andrew L. Kuyck</u> on the Company's Books.			
Certif. No.		<u>George Robert</u>	
		<u>By Henry Phelps</u> SECRETARY.	

of vehicles—four-horse stages, two-horse stages, ditto wagons and buggies, and other "go-carts," besides horses and mules, with their riders—moved upon the rancho, carrying their human freight of 250 men and twenty ladies. Many brought seed and farming utensils all ready to go to work. Excitement ran high. Land that was rated at \$40 in morning sold for \$89 in the evening.

About 200 of the purchasers were actual settlers—one-third of them from the States of Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky, Missouri, etc., and two-thirds of them from other sections of California. Immediately upon the close of the sales building and farming operations were begun and rapidly pushed. Within one month a dozen houses were up, and at the end of sixty days eighty families were settled in their new homes. There was about this time much discussion about the formation of a new county, to be called Santa Maria, and to be formed of portions of San Luis Obispo and Santa Barbara Counties. Lompoc ambitiously put forward its claim to be made the county-seat. The Rev. J. W. Webb came to Lompoc in April, 1875, and opened the first school on May 3rd. The town was now flourishing. It supported a newspaper, a notary public, a physician, a justice of the peace, a Sabbath-school of 100 members, and a tri-weekly stage.

The census of 1875 allotted 225 children to Lompoc School District. On October 16th the town voted to appropriate \$3,000 to the School House Fund. A "Band of Hope" was organized on October 24, 1875. November was the first anniversary of the founding of the colony which contained 200 families and ample church and school facilities.—By THOMPSON AND WEST, 1883.

The year 1875 was a most successful one. The rains were more than generous, and the wharf was to be completed soon, to move the produce of this rich valley to waiting markets. In 1876, though, land values dropped and the wharf was finally completed only to be washed away. The colonists, despite these set-backs, were optimistic. Then came 1877, with one of the severest droughts on record.

Sheep and cattle died by the thousands. The people themselves were actually in need of food. J. W. Cooper, living on the Santa Rosa Rancho, offered the people all the corn they wanted if they would come and get it. Many of the settlers who could not make payments on their land gave up and moved away. The colony itself would undoubtedly have collapsed completely had it not been for W. W. Hollister and the Diblees in particular, who remitted interest charges for a number of years.

In 1878 an epidemic of diphtheria broke out and many children died. The community had but one doctor and no nurses. The coming years brought little in the way of relief. Times were hard.

Even before the fateful year of 1877, the company was having its difficulties. In the spring of 1875 a second great land sale was held, but this was not successful. By August the company had reduced the price of land. On October 19, 1875, the board of directors voted to omit the \$50,000 payment due the owners. The company had great difficulty in collecting the interest due in the years 1877 and 1878. By 1879 affairs were in a serious financial condition.

In pursuance of the resolution of October 1879, and in consideration of the sum of \$52,000 paid to the corporation by Albert Dibblee, Thomas B. Dibblee, Ida G. Stow, Nellie Jack, Mary H. Banning, John H. Hollister, W. W. Hollister, and F. Adams, the company conveyed to the original owners all lands of said ranchos which had not been sold by the corporation. Thus the Lompoc Valley Land Company ended its existence.—DART.



The Lean Years: Two Memories

"I recall the arrival of one of the early settlers in the Lompoc district. He missed the turn-off and later found himself on top of the Pt. Sal mountain grade where he could see south. Later he remarked: I just said to my old woman 'There's the promised land way off in Lompoc!'"

"The dust in the roads was so deep that the teamsters' faces would be covered with it, until one would hardly know who they were. And when the women drove with them they were also covered with dust."

"I will never forget the dry year of 1877 and how we fed the poor horses the old straw that had been in a bed, and they were glad to get it. The cattle died everywhere that year, you could see them lying down; if their ears wiggled, they were alive." —

Remembered by ANNA CLARK
GERRARD in 1936.

"I charged Dibblee \$50 per visit for a long time and then we compromised on \$35 for a visit. I would ride out to the home on horseback when I was called and usually stayed all night. I charged Buell \$350 once when his wife was sick and he paid it willingly. The Dibblees had all the colonists' money so why shouldn't they pay liberally?"

"I used to kill lots of deer. It was not unusual to get venison in fifteen minutes after leaving town. Once I bagged three within the space of a minute at my ranch in Miguelito Canyon. . . . Quail swarmed over the valley and in the winter and spring there were thousands of wild duck and geese. And about every hollow tree was the home of a swarm of bees." —
As recalled by DR. H. C. DIMOCK
in 1928.



Hotel Arthur (opposite page, top) was on the 100 block of South H Street on the north side of the alley. The driver in this 1901 view is Ed Hecox. The man to his extreme right is Domingo Manfrina. Carl Saunders is on the fender and behind him is Pete Poulsen.

The middle photo on page 10 views

the 100 block of the north side of East Ocean Avenue in 1890, which includes George W. Moore's store. Below on page 10 is the splendid Rudolph residence built in the 1880s on the southeast corner of F Street and East Ocean Avenue.

Above, this page, is the Fourth of July parade at H and Ocean at the turn of the

Century. This view is down West Ocean Avenue. The Lompoc Brass Band is turning onto South H Street after passing George Roberts' Corner, now the Lilley Building. In the buggy in the foreground are pioneers Mr. and Mrs. James Rennie. Below is a view of East Ocean Avenue in 1880.





The Lompoc Volunteer Fire Department in 1902 at their station on South G Street. The structure also housed the town's band

wagon and its upper floor served as the Town Hall where Judge Jackson could be found ready and willing to dispense

justice. Below is the city these served, Lompoc, 1900, viewed north along North H Street from the corner of H and Ocean.

Finding the Fire in the 1890s

Some of the stories of the early Lompoc Fire Department, created in 1875, make it sound as if they gave Mack Sennett plot ideas for his one-reelers. They had the best equipment by 1887, a horse-drawn hose cart, ladders and men to man the hoses, but there was a definite lack of organization.

Most early Lompoc buildings were constructed entirely of wood. The necessity of fire protection was recognized and the Hook and Ladder Company was formed. Their first task was to hold fund raising affairs to procure money necessary for buying equipment.

In 1888, the fire department took care of running the Fourth of July festivities. They paraded through the streets in their uniforms, gave a barbecue and held a ball in the evening. The house of Harry Thomas was destroyed while he was attending the celebration. The fire department was too busy showing the citizens how good they were. They never made it to the fire.

Right after this fiasco, fire regulations were standardized and burning hours

were set. Money was subscribed for the building of City Hall with the fire station adjacent to it. The department had its equipment and a place to keep it, but so far they had not been put to the test.

Dinwiddie Hall caught fire on May 17, 1890. The Hook and Ladder Company got its first real taste of duty. By the time they got there, a bucket brigade of citizens had the fire under control. The firemen were late because they hadn't heard the fire bell.

Another problem that occurred in 1890 was a shortage of water. If a fire started, there wasn't enough water for the hoses. It was in this year, 15 years into the department's history, that they decided to build a water tank with a 15,000 gallon capacity. Six fire hydrants were also auspiciously placed.

The chemical engine became popular around 1890. Lompoc secured one. The problem was that they were only good for small and limited fires, applying a trickling stream of water to a blaze. Its use was no greater than an over-sized, soda-acid fire extinguisher.

The J. P. McCabe home burned down in 1910. Lack of sufficient water pressure prevented the hoses from working. The fire fighters got there on time, but could do nothing but watch the smoke and flames.

In April of 1915, a fire broke out in a blacksmith shop at Ocean and G Streets. This time everything went well, except that the men had trouble attaching the hoses to the hydrant. The fire burned while the men struggled with their equipment.

By 1916, people were getting pretty exasperated with the whole situation. A. L. Jacobs' home was reduced to ashes because the fire company couldn't find a hydrant for the hoses. Some town cynic said that maybe the fire department needed a map.

Shortly thereafter, a meeting of citizens created a plan that would develop the department into a serious-minded company with a fire chief at its head. Chief Charles Everett was elected. He ran the department for 35 years and brought it out of its era of burlesque.—

by TRUDY SCHOENFELDT



LOMPOC AND TEMPERANCE

Lompoc was founded not just as a colony, but as a temperance colony, and each land deed contained this proviso: "No vinous, malt, spirituous, or other intoxicating liquors shall ever be sold or manufactured upon any portion of the Lompoc or Mission Vieja Ranchos purchased by this corporation. . . ."

But a temperance colony situated half way between Santa Barbara and San Luis Obispo, where liquor flowed freely, was difficult to maintain. Lompoc was also in the midst of a great sheep raising country. In the spring the sheep shearers came to the small community in large thirsty numbers. There was always someone here who was ready to supply them with liquor, and to the utter disgust of many of the colonists, drunkenness was not uncommon. The settlers, though normally the most law abiding, would sometimes go to most unusual lengths in preventing the dispensing of liquor in their colony. They were a determined group and fought valiantly the evils of drink, but in the end were defeated.

As early as March 15, 1875, a correspondent from the rough town of San Luis Obispo, where more whiskey was consumed than any place outside of San Francisco, informed the *Santa Barbara Press* that there was plenty to drink in Lompoc. The ladies of the colony were indignant. The source of the illicit supply was traced to a certain drugstore.

On August 2, 1875, a reported 60 mothers and daughters barged into Green's Drug Store on the southeast corner of Ocean and H Street. Green came eye to eye with a formidable looking lady named Mrs. J. B. Pierce, who carried an axe. Advancing to the apothecary's nearest cask—labeled Epsom Salts Solution—she swung her axe, dumping 30 odd gallons of the essence of the distiller's art onto the floor. Her sisters proceeded to shatter every alcoholic container; from bay rum to schnapps. Green withdrew a pistol from a drawer and splashed out into Ocean Avenue with a bellow of outrage, only to confront a phalanx of farmers and townsmen, one of whom dangled a fresh hemp rope



The "wets" and the "drys" of Lompoc stood off from each other for years. Here are some of each. Below, patrons loiter formally in 1900 at the southeast corner of H and Ocean, site of Bidlack and Green's Drugstore which became a Fort Sumpter of the valley's liquor conflict in 1875 with clandestine but brisk liquor sales.

Above, or perhaps on high, are four

prominent Lompocans tried in Santa Barbara for pulling a small Lompoc saloon of its foundations in 1883 with rope. They refused to let the occasion pass without a photograph with their sheriff and counsel. They are, standing from the left: Joseph Dimock, Sheriff Robert Broughton, Attorney W. W. Broughton; seated: George Frick, James Saunders and George Anthony.





Looking east from West Ocean Avenue in 1910. At first only insiders knew where the saloons were.

which terminated, significantly, in a hangman's noose. He never dispensed alcohol again.

But the druggist was succeeded in the clandestine trade by an optimistic but foolhardy innkeeper named Butchart, proprietor of the Lompoc Hotel, who dispensed his merchandise discreetly to an anonymous but ample town clientele. An unidentified housewife, though, smelled the product on her husband's breath, hollowed out a stick of stove wood, filled it with gunpowder, plugged the hole and secreted it in Butchart's woodbox. The eventual report shattered the serenity at the hotel and Butchart's liquor trade as well.

It was but one of several incidents in the early years of gunpowder temperance. At 11:15 on the night of May 20, 1881, Walker's saloon was blown apart by an anonymous bomb. In 1883 citizens Drumm and Davis persisted with their flourishing liquor trade from a redwood shack on H Street in spite of appeals to stop. After a mass vigilante committee meeting some 150 "drys" flung ropes around the structure and hauled it down.

The town's incorporation in 1888 gave some leverage to the temperance constituency, but liquor was apparently an idea whose time had come. Former Lompoc Record Editor Ronald M. Adam describes the issue at the turn of the century:

"Only those who lived in Lompoc in 1900 have any realization of the blight, the bitterness that the temperance issue spread over the community. A 'dry' would not deal with a 'wet' and the 'wets' were just as radical and hated the 'drys'. The 'wets' were not all whiskey drinkers—many were temperate in their habits—but they were branded as 'wets' if they did not fully subscribe to and support

the tenets of temperance. And the 'drys' were not 100 per cent dry. They liked a little brandy for their mince pies and plum puddings and an occasional bottle of Penuna for a tonic.

"The 'wets' and the 'drys' were fairly even in numbers and it was only by clever maneuvering that the 'drys' were able to hold a voting margin. Frick, a 'wet,' defeated Broughton, a 'dry' for county supervisor by a margin of only seven votes, showing how evenly the factions were divided. The 'drys' ran the city council—they also ran the chamber of commerce and the schools—but they functioned in the face of bitter opposition from the 'wets' who did everything in their power to discredit them."

Perhaps the crowning blow to the movement came when the courts nullified

the provisions in the original land deeds prohibiting the manufacture and sale of liquor forever. With alcohol entering the city on every stage anyway and a local majority of "wets" finally in power, saloons were finally approved for Lompoc by a community vote.

But Lompoc's temperance tradition was not extinguished. In 1919 the city passed the "little Volstead Act," again prohibiting the sale of alcoholic liquor within the city limits. The ways of getting around the law were many and varied and, just as in the 1880s, many tried. One man reportedly built a cement box under his porch that could hold 30 pints. He failed to nail down the porch board that covered the reservoir though, and was run in by the marshal.

In another incident a man was arrested while delivering 10 gallons of "jack" while driving an ancient "flivver" equipped with a pick-up bed. The bottled product rested safely in a wheelbarrow under some shovels, but officers became suspicious when the vehicle developed a flat tire and the man kept on driving.

By a masterpiece of historical irony a sometime bootlegger's port of entry on the coast during the 20s was apparently none other than the old Lompoc Landing. In 1928 \$50,000 in contraband booze was reportedly seized there by officers, packaged in five gallon cans from Mexico and labeled "alcohol fino". In 1933 Prohibition was repealed by the Twenty-First Amendment. The country's prohibition experiment had failed. But it wasn't news to Lompocans. For them it had been experiment number two.—Compiled from accounts by MARGUERITE DART, WALKER TOMPKINS, RONALD M. ADAM and TRUDY SCHOENFELDT.





The best decorated bicycle in the 1900 Fourth of July parade (top, this page) was this sweet-pea-garlanded "float" of 16-year-old Leella McAdam (later Mrs. Henry McCabe). Below, the family of Dr. Harry Dimock savors an early Lompoc picnic under the bows of a live Oak.

Top next page, South H Street swarms with Chautauqua week traffic in 1916.

Below, early racing enthusiast Monte Huyck roars through a time run down North H Street in 1914. Fourth of July auto race spectators cheer at an early race in the next frame. Below that, another flower decked float, this one a children's dance group on a pick up truck bed, is in a Rodeo Parade of the 1930s, turning right down South H Street.



Festivals, festivals

Parades on the fourth of July, May Day celebrations, community basket picnics, band concerts in Miguelito Park, Mission Fiestas and Flower Festivals: Lompocans have always loved a festival or a race.

In the early days they seldom missed an excuse to have one. Early on the morning of July 3, 1875, townspeople were awakened by loud reports from fire-arms and anvils heralding the beginning of the first Independence Day celebration planned by the temperance colonists. They were celebrating on the third because the fourth was the Sabbath.

Through the morning a steady stream of wagons and buggies, loaded with fathers, mothers, children, aunts and uncles, and baskets heavy with good things to eat, wended their way to Miguelito Park. The event, as so many after it, went something like this: Mayor Jackson started the program. "America" was sung. A prayer was offered by Reverend T. D. Lewis of Central City (Santa Maria), and J. W. Green of La Graciosa (Orcutt) read the Declaration of Independence. Then the son of Dr. C. F. Childs, decked out in a costume with a liberty cap and waving the stars and stripes, sang "The Red, White and Blue". Thomas McNulta, a Santa Barbara lawyer, delivered the oration. After more singing and eating the picnic lunch, the children entertained their elders with exercises and recitations.

The very first town celebration had been held the previous May when 500 people had gathered at San Miguelito Park to rejoice over the founding of the community. The basket picnics continued. In May, 1881, for example, there was a grand celebration for the 18th anniversary of the Knights of Pythias. Literary exercises, a barbecue and a grand ball in the evening at Dinwiddie's Hall concluded the day. Music was by the Lompoc orchestra, of course.

That same year, 1881, the fourth of July was celebrated again in lavish style, but with the temperance societies firmly in charge. A burlesque society paraded. Track events were held in the center of the streets, fireworks were popping all over, and there was a ball and fireworks display in the evening.

The Lompoc Brass Band was ready at a moment's notice to play and march through the streets for any occasion, or give a concert at the bandstand, which at one time was located at H and Ocean.

The stand was moved finally to Miguelito Park where the old fashioned basket picnic always followed parades, and always included the singing of hymns, many speeches and, on the Fourth of July, children attempting to throw fireworks as close to the speakers as possible. There were girls' races, boys' races, sack races, women's races, fat men's races and soda pop.

There were parades on Memorial Day for years, but mostly it was the Fourth that was the occasion for all-out parades and the modern Flower Festival parades in June must be considered descendants. The Fourth of July Parades were mostly all horses at first, just a few floats. Then gradually, year by year, all flower floats began to enter the event, be popular, and impress the parade committee, though floats then were not the motorized extravaganzas of today. The most sumptuous float in the early days on the Fourth would be the Goddess of Liberty surrounded on her platform by attendants. There would follow fancy decked surries, buggies and bicycles with crepe paper streamers.

May Day seemed popular and there was a traditional Maypole dance, then three legged and egg races, a picnic and, as a climax, the 10 mile bicycle race. Young Lompocans trained for weeks for the 10 mile grind, pedaling five miles down Ocean Avenue, which was unpaved, to a point near Artesia Avenue and then back to town. Horse races were the rage for many years. They would start at the present location of Ryon Park and finish at H street. With the advent of the automobile, car races on the 100 mile course became the thing. The course followed H Street to Central Avenue to O Street to Ocean and back to H. How many laps were necessary are not recalled. These lasted until their 39 miles per hour speeds were ruled unsafe and the event was moved.

One of the big features in the 1920s were the baseball games staged by the American Legion in the Ryon Park area. Track events were held in the center of town, and horse racing, both running and trotting, continued: the highlights of many a Fourth. In 1936 the Lompoc-Santa Barbara County Rodeo Association was formed and this group presented rodeos in Miguelito Canyon for several years.

The present Flower Festival parade, the Flower Show, musical concerts, street dances, youth and Little League ball games and other community activities like the Mission Fiesta are now the community celebrations where Lompocans can come together. It's little wonder when they do, after their 100 years of practice





Seven Early Churches

The first church in Lompoc was La Purisima Catholic Church—completed in 1875 with both Protestants and Catholics contributing to its completion. The frame structure was built on the northwest corner of I and Olive Streets, the first service was held Dec. 18, 1875, with Father McNally, the organizer, officiating. One of the bells from La Purisima Mission ruins was installed in the bell tower. In 1912 Rev. Charles N. Raley erected the memorial cross on the hill above the south end of H Street for the 125th anniversary of the first Mission in Lompoc.

In 1920 Father Morris built a new "Old Spanish Style" church. In 1955 Father Andrew McGrath became pastor, building in 1957 the first six classes of the Catholic School, adding seventh and eighth grade classes and convent in 1959. A new church across the street was dedicated Dec. 10, 1961, and the former church converted into a parish hall. Father McGrath has now served La Purisima parish for 18 years, longer than any of his predecessors.

The First Christian Church was a short-lived one, built on the southwest corner of I and Cypress in 1875, and disbanded about 1917 with members joining other denominations. W. H. Schuyler taught Sunday School there in 1888, and others were the Horns, Moodys, Swopes, Douglass, Batkins, Barkers and Saunders.

The Southern Methodist Church, called the M. E. South, organized during 1875 and lasted only until 1906. The building and parsonage were located on Cypress between G and H Streets.

The Methodist Episcopal Church began in 1875 with 14 members. In 1878 Rev. Adam Bland, pastor, set to work on a building and in 1891 a new parsonage was built. In 1908 the auditorium—made by the addition of the M. E. South building—was dedicated and arched windows with stained glass and spires were added. During F. A. Ruder's ministry a new church was completed in 1966 on North Avenue. Rev. Murray Gibbons is the present pastor.

The Baptist Church was organized in 1881 with Mary Peck being baptised in the Santa Ynez River by Rev. Fisk, who came from Santa Barbara to start the church. Rev. J. O. Redden was its first pastor in June, 1886. In 1888 the church building was completed on the southwest corner of J and Cypress. Two of the early ministers were Rev. John Smithers, grandfather of the late Herbert Rios; and Rev. Charles O. Corning, father of Mrs. Juna



The Lompoc Senior Band in the 1917 era, rides in top photo to a 1917 Chantauqua parade—Oscar Fabing is the leader. The fourth annual Pioneer Reunion was held, above, in 1930 in the Miguelito

Park picnic grounds. Below is inside the Old Opera House on South H Street in the early 1900s, complete with gas lights, decked out for a Foresters' banquet.





A Lompoc crowd in fedoras and bonnets looks in through drizzle as a cross is

erected, above. Below, a photo summary of six of the seven early churches.



BAPTIST CHURCH,



CHRISTIAN CHURCH,



EPISCOPAL CHURCH,



CATHOLIC CHURCH



PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH



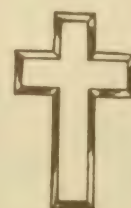
METHODIST CHURCH

Harris. A late minister was Rev. Austin Howerton, whose daughter is Mrs. Lewis Bottroff. A colorful figure in the church was Deacon Orson Peck, who outlived five wives and nurtured the Baptist Church for 22 years. The church on Cypress and J has been built around the original sanctuary. Rev. John O. Eby is pastor today.

Under the leadership of Rev. B. F. Whittemore, the Cumberland Presbyterian Church was founded in 1888, on property donated by Wallace Dyer at 205 W. Chestnut. Rev. Whittemore's salary the first year was by collection, reported to have been about \$200. He conducted a private school upstairs in the manse next to the church—Lompoc's first high school. In 1906 Cumberland became the First Presbyterian Church. In 1933 the education building was completed under the direction of Rev. Paul L. Hall. In 1962, during the ministry of Rev. Cowan, a new site was obtained and new church built off 7th Street. Dedication of the new church was Nov. 22, 1964. Rev. Kenneth R. Boyd is the present minister.

St. Mary's Episcopal Church first met in the Town Hall above the fire house, in 1891. First built on the southeast corner of Chestnut and H in 1895, the church was moved in 1928 across Chestnut to the northeast corner. John P. Gury made a cross covered with gold leaf for the steeple, which could be seen for miles. The church was typically English Gothic style and ornately picturesque. The first marriage there united James Rennie and Eva Jane Huyck. The first two funerals were for Isabella Cantlay and Francis Dana Hall. In 1954 the large 200 pound bell from Rinconada School was installed in the steeple. In 1960 the congregation dedicated a new building at 209 East Central Avenue. Much of the "old" St. Mary's remains a part of the new church: the old bell and a beautiful stained-glass window. In 1972 a series of stained glass window panels were installed in the church, in memory of Kenneth L. Adam, late publisher of the Lompoc Record. St. Mary's today is under the guidance of Rev. Stuart G. Fitch. —

By VANCE NEWCOMB



THE LOMPOC RECORD

The Lompoc Record was begun on a \$500 shoestring when the Lompoc Valley Land Company, led by Santa Cruz Editor W. W. Broughton, bought a newspaper plant in San Francisco, shipped it by steamer to Point Sal, and then hauled it by wagon into the fledgling valley settlement.

Broughton assumed editorship and brought out the first issue on April 10, 1875, after heavy January rains washed out a plan to launch the publication on the first of the new year. Writing long hand at night by the flicker of a kerosene lamp, Broughton editorialized potently for both colonization of the valley and the temperance movement. The "dapper little man with a goatee" perennially stood on the side of the "drys" against the "wets" in a chronic temperance controversy that seemed to set in almost concurrently with the founding of the colony. About 1,500 newspapers were pressed each week, many of them bound for prospective settlers in the Midwest and East.

Broughton transferred the paper to Clark Powers in 1878 and a succession of publishers including Phil Tucker and Pastor J. W. Webb before redonning the editor's visor in 1887 after the tenure of his son-in-law, Alexander McLean. Webb was the valley's first preacher and editorially excoriated the use of spirits.

He also dabbled in phonetics, spelling though and through "tho" and "thru" in the news columns.

The elder Broughton stepped aside again in 1905 in favor of another succession of publishers of which Horace Mann in 1911, converted the paper to a daily for more than a year. Financial problems seem to have been the result.

The Record was then purchased by C. K. Hardenbrook who, after being elected a Santa Barbara County Supervisor, recruited his son-in-law, Ronald M. Adam, from drug store employment to head up the publication.

This Adam did, for 37 years, relinquishing the reins to his son, Kenneth L. Adam, in 1950. The younger Adam stepped the Record up to a daily in August, 1963, and during his editorship reflected valley life in his personal column, "Something about Nothing," which carried on in tradition of his father's "Rambblings". Kenneth Adam's untimely death in 1966 left control of the paper with his brother, J. Donald Adam, and then his widow, Harriet Adam, the present Mrs. James McCollum. The Record is presently managed by Rennie Adam, Kenneth Adam's eldest son.

In the early days, a formidable competitor was the People's Journal, later the Lompoc Journal, which was founded to oppose Broughton's successful county

supervisory ambitions. Competition was crisp. Once in the era that William Randolph Hearst boasted of his "longest leased wire on earth," the Journal referred in print to the angular editor of the Record as "the longest greased liar on earth." The Journal was absorbed by the Record in 1913. Another competitor, the Lompoc Review, rose in the 20s but was in time also absorbed by the more established publication.—Compiled from accounts in the LOMPOC RECORD and by RONALD M. ADAM.



A Washington Hand Press





The Lompoc Record staff poses in their 1891 office, bottom opposite page. Note the hand-operated equipment on the right and gas light fixtures hanging from ceiling. The Record office in 1912 was in the first block of South H Street, on the west side, as in top photo this page. Note the staff members working behind the windows.

Left is the Lompoc Journal office in about 1902, with publisher James Edrington on the left and printer Frank Baader beside him. To the right, The Lompoc Review office as viewed during a parade in the 20s. It was located on the north side of East Ocean Avenue. The Review was eventually absorbed into the Record.



The Eloquent Land

Despite Lompoc's new-found acclaim as an aerospace center in the 1960s and '70s, the community's economy has remained deeply-rooted in its agricultural heritage.

The Lompoc Valley is one of the most versatile agricultural locations in California, yielding millions of dollars annually in vegetable, field, seed, nursery, livestock and fruit and nut crops.

From a sparse beginning of some 100 acres in 1880, the local acreage now planted annually ranges over 20,000. Crop production in 1886 amounted to \$337,000, compared with over \$14 million today.

Lompoc had its beginning in 1874, was settled in 1875 and incorporated in

increase the ground temperature by as much as 10 degrees.

While Lompoc in recent years became known as the "Flower Seed Capital of the World," a more accurate designation in the early 1900s might have been "Mustard Seed Capital." According to an article in the Kansas City Journal in 1920, Lompoc was reported as the only location in the United States where mustard could be grown for a good profit.

At that time, some 14,000 acres in the Lompoc Valley were planted to mustard, yielding an estimated \$150 to \$250 per acre. It was reported that some 90 percent of all mustard grown in the nation was attributed to the Lompoc area. Most of the Lompoc mustard seed was shipped to Eastern mills.

But the Lompoc mustard bonanza came to an end in the 1940s when it was discovered that the crop could be grown in Montana for less cost and more profit. With that development, the blazing yellow color faded away from the Lompoc Valley panorama.

Another crop in the early years was fruit. Cherries, pears, apricots and berries were grown in great abundance along with apples. Lompoc apples in the early 1900s took two medals at the national expositions in New Orleans and Chicago and were shipped to foreign markets because of their good storage capability. Forty carloads of apples were shipped out in 1907.

By 1911 the local agricultural industry had spread out to include a wide spectrum of products. An early production report shows the following yield in 1911: 20,000 sacks of various grains, 40,000 sacks of potatoes, 120,000 sacks of onions, 140,000 sacks of beans, 25,000 sacks of mustard, 75 sacks of flower seeds, 35 carloads of apples, one car of cherries, one car of walnuts, 300,000 dozen eggs, 7 carloads of honey and 11,000 acres of sugar beets at 20 tons per acre.

But a series of devastating diseases popped up between 1918 and 1940 which had a drastic effect on local crops. About 1918, the eel worm appeared in local potatoes and ultimately spelled the extinction of this crop locally. To this day, the potato cannot be grown in the Lompoc Valley because of the worm.

The fruit industry likewise fell victim to disease, the codling moth. By the late 1920s, most of the fruit production

Rainmaking Circa 1900

Ethel Smith leaves us this quote in her chronology of Lompoc:

"Following the dry year of 1898 Tom Fogarty and William McKay went to San Joaquin Valley and bought a rainmaking formula. Farmers and ranchers promised them a fat fee if they would make it rain.

"They set up shop on the hill south of the cemetery, brought in their secret formula together with all the cut nails Gury and Moore had in stock.

"The concoction and iron nails were boiled for ten days—no rain was produced but the fumes killed all the crows and birds within a radius of a mile or more."



1888. Beans were an important early crop along with wheat, barley, mustard, corn, hay, flax and potatoes.

After the Southern Pacific Railroad completed its line to just south of the Santa Ynez River in 1897, the flour mill shut down and the growing of local wheat almost became a novelty. By 1916 the major crops were beans, mustard, hay, sugar beets, onions and potatoes.

As a note of interest, the rows of blue gum and cypress trees still visible in many areas of the valley were planted about this time. The purpose was to raise the temperature of the fields through these windbreaks, essential to the growth of lima and pink beans, according to one early observer.

It was estimated that in many cases the growth of these towering trees could



had tapered off with only small private orchards remaining.

Onions grew in abundance throughout the valley at one time until 1938. The floods of this year spread the pink root disease throughout the lower valley and onions still cannot be grown here without this malady showing up.

One crop that has fluctuated over the years is vegetables. Vegetable growing picked up in the early 1920s and peaked in the late 1930s. A shortage of labor during World War II practically erased vegetable production until after the war.

The industry started up again about 1946 but ended a short time later because of low prices. Most farmers switched to other crops.

Vegetable growing accelerated again beginning in the mid 1960s. A major factor was improved cooling techniques and vacuum packing which lowered production costs. This industry remains in full swing today.

Throughout Lompoc's agricultural life, beans and sugar beets have remained the two most stable crops, according to one longtime observer. Because these foods

can be dry-farmed without irrigation, they offer a tempting crop because of lower growing costs.



Francis Oakley's threshing outfit in 1905 in the Santa Rita area. For three days they threshed 1,600 sacks of barley each day that Fall. Pictured are: 1, Oakley; 2, Jim Holloway; 3, John Craft; 4, Bill Sanor; 5, Nat Stewart; 6, John Day; 7, Ed Sanor; 8, George Upton; 9, Doc Whitehead, and 10, Carl Holloway.

Dairy farming, once involving 27 farms in the valley, has practically vanished. The reason is high labor costs, according to one farmer. There is presently only one dairy in operation.

The most glamorous agricultural industry in the Lompoc Valley is the growing of flower seed. Lompoc Valley area still produces some 90 percent of all the flower seed in the United States, amounting to millions of dollars a year.

An estimated 200 tons of seed is produced annually but the tonnage isn't always significant. The market value of some specialized seed produced here can run as high as \$800 per ounce. One reason for the high value of the seed is the extreme care that goes into the raising of seed.

Most of the seeds are sold under labels other than those of the producing farms: Bodger Seeds Ltd., Denholm Seed Co., Burpee Seed Co. and Waller Seed Co. in Santa Maria. Some 2,000 acres of flowers can be seen in bloom locally June through September, and have attracted tens of thousands of visitors to the area.—

by DICK ANDERSON



A Farm Girl's Memories

"In 1915 land was not easy to buy or rent. Also there was a war on and somehow that always raised the price of beans as well as other crops, and of course just about every able-bodied farmer wanted to get in on the other crops. That year, Papa rented a ranch in the lower valley, planning to grow beans, mustard and maybe a few onions.

"In the summer it was hard to find the house (in town) for the trees that filled the yard, and the ones we liked best were the big cherry trees. Every kid in the neighborhood old enough to climb kept an eye on those trees from flower to fruit. The castor oil bottle was always ready and waiting for the inevitable cases of green cherry tummy ache. And when the fruit ripened the neighborhood parents knew where to find their offspring.

"Five kids, plus Mama and Papa, made that house a tight fit. It came close to being a choice of build on, move or be maimed in the crush. We heard of the moving idea and the howl was loud and long: leave the kids? cherry trees? town? Leave everything? Mamma and Papa were taken aback. They had grown up down in the valley and were going home. It never occurred to them that their children would feel otherwise.

"We planned to move when the town school closed for the winter vacation. We hadn't foreseen the rain—it was a real soaker. Finally in January, when the skies dried up a little, we were rattling down Ocean Avenue as fast as a plodding team could pull us and a wagon loaded with all our belongings. The old cow was following behind us and Papa stopped the team now and then to let her rest. She was not used to hot-footing it down the avenue, he said.

"Ordinarily (once at the ranch) the old cow spent the daylight hours in the corral, but this day Papa, unknown to Mama, had locked the cow in the barn away from prying eyes, for he knew what was to happen. The neighborhood kids had more interesting things to do that day than play with us, so we moped around and finally wandered into the barn. Our eyes opened wide when we saw the old cow. We didn't know exactly what was going on, but it was different, and we knew that now we could get all the playmates we needed, and then some.

"In seconds we rounded up every kid old enough to be on the loose and near enough to hear us. While our old cow gave birth to the cutest little black and white calf, she had the most attentive and largest assortment of children in the gallery any cow ever had. Making matters worse, every one of those kids ran in street and alley, yelling to friends who had missed the show, 'George Horn's cow had a calf and we saw it come out!' Poor Mama never got over the mortification.

"There was a cistern with a hand pump (at the ranch) which we used for a while, but Mama had so much trouble with it that Papa yanked it out and we drew water in a bucket on the end of a rope. When it rained, the cistern filled up readily, but in dry years he borrowed the Union Sugar Company's red tank wagon and made a trip to LaSalle's for the spring water from a pipe that Mr. LaSalle had fixed up for people like us.

"Papa always accompanied us on our first trip anywhere so he could hand out don'ts. We heard, 'Don't play around the cistern; don't go near the slough;

stay away from the well; don't go near the horses, the new ones aren't used to you kids; and don't touch my tools!'

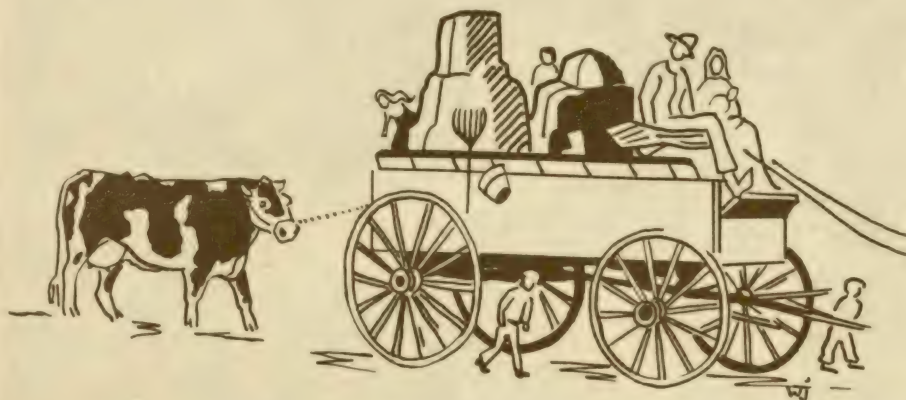
"Barely five miles from town, we were in another world. At night we listened to the loons, a coyote chorus, perhaps a dog or two and continuous croaking of frogs deep down in the slough. And, as we lay in our beds, we knew that we were not alone in that old house, for overhead the wood rats from the slough squeaked, fought, gnawed and ran foot-races all over the attic timbers.

"Papa at the breakfast table one morning rubbed his hand across his jaw and complained that he could hardly eat. Mama said that if he had any sense he'd get himself to the doctor instead of trying to cure that cut hand by himself. Dr. Heiges told Papa he had lockjaw (tetanus). Papa went to his sister's and went to bed, and the serum treatment began.

"It so happened that at this very time a mule was also stricken with the disease and was under the care of a veterinarian, Dr. Albert Larsen. Each morning the two doctors met in June Burton's drug store to pick up the day's shot of serum for their respective patients. Each patient suffered violent muscular spasms after each shot, and it was known that more than six was always fatal. After the sixth shot had been administered to man and mule, the doctors again conferred in the drug store. They were plenty worried. Doc Larsen then gave the mule his seventh shot and, to his surprise, the mule improved.

"He lost no time getting the news to Dr. Heiges, who said, 'Well, George is young and tough. If the mule can take it, I'm sure George can.' And he gave Papa the seventh shot and Papa recovered and was the wonder of the Valley for years.

"Rare was the day when beans did not grace the table. . . . It took a lot of work to get those beans on the table. As soon as one crop was in the warehouse, it seemed like the plowing had started for the next year. Then the rains would come and the weeds, followed by the disc, and the plow, and the harrow, until it seemed there was no end of work in sight. We rode on every implement with Papa except the harrow but the big treat was to ride the gang plow. We must have been a sight: six horses pulling a plow loaded down with kids, a huge flock of seagulls parading behind." . . . As recalled by ETHEL HORN SMITH





Spreading picnic baskets above are the McHenrys, W'irls, Baechelors and Learneds. The John Sanor Henning home, which he built himself in 1889, housed Henning and his wife and eight children until 1921 when Peter Skaarup bought it. The photo was taken in 1897. The house still survives at 113 North A Street, surrounded by tracts.

To the right is Shadrack Sechrest's threshing outfit on an August day in 1891 when one child had more interest in cameras than farming. Below is a valley onion crop raised in 1905 by Thomas Henry Martin.



Onions raised by T. H. Martin, on Pacheco River, Lompoc Valley, California.

Lompoc's Sometimes Wharves

For over 20 years after the founding of the colony, Lompocans could look only two directions for a route to deliver their produce to outside markets: over land or to sea. The sea was more immediate, though it proved itself more than far from ideal.

So, a succession of wharves began to sprout along this wind and tide-lashed face of coast to provide safe ports where before cargoes had to be landed in fair weather—and were sometimes partially lost through the surf.

It all ended early in the new century with the completion of the coastal railroad line to the north bank of the Santa Ynez River. But it was a local pageant while it lasted.

The first wharf was the Lompoc Landing and was constructed in 1875 two miles north of the river's mouth, near Purisima Point, with \$10,000 the colonists had set aside to build an agricultural college on College Avenue. The structure was washed away only months afterward, taking with it any possibility of reimbursing the college fund. Another Lompoc Landing was later constructed at the same spot, but also was finally torn down by the ocean in a storm.

In the 1880s the California Steamship Company constructed a wharf a mile south of Lompoc Landing called Meherin Wharf. Mr. Meherin was the firm's local freight agent. This structure was also routinely swept away during an early 1890s storm, but the company didn't repeat the mistake.

In the late 1870s the first of two Sudden wharves was put up adjacent to the Sudden Ranch property about a mile south of Point Arguello. The second was constructed at Point Arguello in the late 1880s. Both proved impractical. Steamers would frequently refuse to land altogether, leaving local produce to sit and rot on the wharf.

When still standing and when a skipper would take the gamble of landing at one of them, the local wharves did provide an occasional commercial outlet for local produce. Inns and corrals developed near them, plus stables and warehouses, and in good weather long caravans of wagons would shuttle from the wharves to the valley and back.

After the railroad had rendered them only curiosities, local young people found it exciting to romp on the piers, riding on their miniature rail carts.

—by NATALIE ARNOLD



A favorite pastime for valley teenagers in 1900. Below a 1906 rig and team was coasting on the gravity-pulled rail-

cars of abandoned local wharves, as above poses on South H Street. In 1917, bottom photo, Lompoc sugar beets went by rail.



Cityscapes: the Houses Inbetween



Lompoc—1885—looking down from the "crevice" on the south hills. The La Purisima Missions ruins are in the foreground. Catholic Church at left and the grammar school building looms in back center. Below is a lithograph of Lompoc in 1900—Surf in the upper left beyond

the Coastal Range; Ryon Park race track and High School are in the middle left; and right down Cypress Avenue are the Baptist, Christian, Methodist and South Methodist Churches — with the Opera House across the street from the Metho-

dist at H Street. On G, in the middle of the block is the Town Hall-Fire Station. The grammar school and Episcopal Church are just left of the middle and the Catholic Church is seen in lower left on I and Olive.





A study in growth in Lompoc over 16 years, from January 25, 1910, below, to 1926, above. Both photos view northward along H Street which in 1910 wasn't yet paved and was still flanked by open fields. The town grew from its first buildings

around the J Street and Ocean Avenue intersection in 1874 and later built toward the east. The solitary church at the left below is the old Catholic Church which, above, has been augmented by a newer one.

The flagpole at H and Ocean as seen in 1926 was installed in 1925 by the Civic Club to honor Lompoc's World War I dead. In 1910 the corner of Cypress and South H does not show the box-like Carnegie library. It was built there later that

year and appears as a newer structure. Notice the old library's point in all Lompoc and still stands today. The old granary





seen
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year and appears in 1926 behind a smaller structure. Now the Lompoc Museum, the old library serves as a steady reference point in all Lompoc overviews after 1910 and still stands today.

The old grammar school stands with

its spire in 1910 at the location of El Camino School, but is replaced by 1926 by an El Camino School and an Industrial Building.

To the far left in 1926 is the Lompoc High School, the location in 1974 of the Lompoc Junior High.

Leaf to the book's inside front and rear covers for more comparative views.



And the Rains Came

If the river authored the rich valley floor, then the river too has been civilized Lompoc's periodic tormentor—with floods.

Lompoc's is the westernmost of a series of valleys forming the Santa Ynez River Watershed, a counterpoint of broad, flat valleys and low rolling hills. The mean annual rainfall is about 11 inches per year in the lower Lompoc valley, most of it falling in November through April. Four or five days storms have unusually been the precursors of high water.

Reliable data on floods that occurred prior to the turn of the century aren't available, though periods wet enough to kill livestock, erode land and destroy bridges are known to have occurred from time to time. The years 1884, 1889 and 1890 are remembered as heavy flood years, the 1884 inundation requiring some residents to be rescued by boat.

In January, 1907, the most devastating flood ever recorded on the Santa Ynez River followed a four day storm. It destroyed all highway bridges, damaged acres of agricultural land and cost two local lives. A sand bar extending one quarter mile into the ocean was formed by sediment carried by its waters.

On January 28, 1914, great erosion loss of agricultural land, a recurrent valley theme, was reported in a particularly wet year in the basin. After about 10 inches of rain fell in Lompoc, the Santa Ynez River spilled over again in another serious flood on March 3, 1938. On this occasion, an inland sea was formed in the lower Lompoc Valley and the U. S. Coast Guard units from Point Arguello evacuated some 30 valley resident who were marooned. The flood was brief, lasting only about 12 hours. But \$300,600 (1938 dollars) in damage was levied during that span on agricultural land on railroad, highway and utility installations.

Two serious floods descended on the valley in January and February, 1969, rolling up more than \$5,000,000 in damage (1969 dollars). The January 26 flood was egged on by a marathon rainstorm that began on January 19 and didn't let up until the 27th. The February waters coursed through the valley after another storm that lasted from February 22 until February 26. The January flood was more severe. During this period the river overran its banks for over its entire length from the Robinson bridge to its union with the ocean at Surf, rising from two to five feet over the bank, inundating many military and aerospace installations and, again, silting over acres of valuable agricultural areas. The military centers, highways, bridges and agriculture were the heaviest damaged, in that order, though railroad damage was considerable.

The 1969 flood occurred in spite of the presence of the Cachuma Dam upstream which contains the Cachuma reservoir but was not designed as a flood control facility.

Spread over the fertile floor of its flat valley, as seen below in 1920 from an aircraft over Miguelito Canyon, Lompoc has been periodically invaded by floods during its first 100 years.

The worst was in 1907, top photo next page, when the Santa Ynez River, which killed two Lompocans, undermined Central Avenue. The photo looks east toward men in the background making a futile attempt to stop the erosion by lining the crumbling banks with branches.

Lynden School is almost washed away again in 1938, middle photo, in a deluge that brought row boats out to rescue stranded families. The first time the one room school was washed away was in 1907.

The Lompoc sewer plant, bottom photo, built in 1960, was overrun by the river in one of two successive floods in 1969 that again inundated a broad swathe of the lower valley.



Killer Flood

... 1907

Several years preceding 1907 were very dry. In January of that year a welcome sigh was heard from the farmers in Lompoc as the rain finally came.

It came in torrents. For four days it poured.

In less than a week the Dyer and Baroda bridges were gone. The only one left was the Robinson bridge.

It was 300 feet long with two large spans and two long approaches. People thought that this structure surely could withstand anything that nature could do.

Hundreds of people braved the elements, the mud, slush, wind and heavy rain to watch the river and the fate of the Robinson Bridge. The waters rushed by at a speed of 20 mph. Folks thought it would hold, for it had just been strengthened the year before.

People crowded onto the bridge. There was almost a festive atmosphere as the excited people crossed back and forth watching the river rise and swell under their feet.

Suddenly, like the low rumbling that warns of an earthquake, there was a crack and the two northern spans of the bridge plunged into the river. Horror and fear shot through the crowd in a nauseating wave. On the floating section of the crumbling bridge were three Lompoc people. Jesse Riordan, Mrs. Sherman Huyck and Alfred Lind, 15. There was no way to reach them.

Another part of the bridge collapsed. This time it did not detach from the base. The people scrambled to safety and all were saved. Rescue groups began to gather to save those three who were rushing downstream.

Riordan, on the floating coffin, grabbed at some overhanging branches and frantically pulled himself up into a tree.

The waters surged, throwing Mrs. Huyck and young Lind off the floating section into the water. The woman grabbed a log and was last seen hanging on as she was swept toward the sea. The boy landed in the water and was not seen again.

All the rest of the day and throughout the night search parties roamed the banks looking for the woman and boy. The next morning Mrs. Huyck's body was found. Lind's never surfaced.

The rain that usually brings joy to hearts in a farming community came and went. This time it brought sorrow.—
by TRUDY SCHOENFELDT





1913



The original Lumpoc Elementary School, above in 1913, was built in 1876 at the northwest corner of North H Street and Chestnut Ave., on the 1974 site of El Camino Elementary. To the left of the school is the Industrial Building, built in 1911, which caught fire and was torn down in 1955.

In 1896, the original Lumpoc Union High School, a massive Victorian structure, was constructed on land donated by George Roberts at the corner of South L Street and Cypress Avenue, the 1974 location of Lumpoc Junior High School. The present Lumpoc Senior High School was built in 1961 and was followed by the construction in Vandenberg Village of Cabrillo Senior High.

Below is the Lumpoc Union High basketball squad, a cheerful one, of 1922 on the steps of the high school. Below that is Mrs. Lena Saunders' fourth grade class in 1898. Below right is Arthur Hapgood, lifelong valley educator and principal, for whom Hapgood Elementary School was named.

Lumpoc in 1974 has four secondary and 14 primary schools.





The Gap and the Railroad

When the first railroad locomotive puffed into Santa Barbara in August 1887, it was taken for granted that through trains would be running from Los Angeles to San Francisco by Christmas.

This was not to be. An economic recession caused C. P. Huntington, president of the Southern Pacific, to halt construction at Ellwood, and for fourteen years not a spike was driven or rail laid.

To the north, work went on in haphazard fashion through San Luis Obispo and on down the coast as far as the mouth of the Santa Ynez River, near Lompoc.

This left "The Gap," a fifty mile stretch of right of way rounding Pt. Conception. It existed twelve years.

In mid-February 1889, Huntington gave the order to resume construction between Ellwood and Bridgeport (Baroda): the wild railroad camp at the mouth of the Santa Ynez River.

Construction camps under canvas—18 in all—dotted the coastline.

By December 1900, two 800 foot tunnels had been completed in the Pt. Arguello region.

No one can say where the actual "last spike" in the Gap was driven, but it was probably somewhere in the vicinity of Jalama. The first inspection train got through to Santa Barbara on January 4, 1901.

The "first passenger train" to roll over the Gap consisted of a palatial private car belonging to the millionaire New York socialite Mrs. Styvesant Fish.

The total cost for closing the last fifty miles amounted to more than \$2,500,000.

—By WALKER A. TOMPKINS



Bridgeport, or Baroda, middle photo, had its heyday at the mouth of the Santa Ynez River during railroad and bridge construction in 1890-91. At its peak, Baroda had stores, markets and saloons and was a center for valley produce shipment.

In the bottom photo, the Surf Depot presides in 1903 over a Lompoc crowd dispersing after a whistle-stop speech by President Teddy Roosevelt. In May, 1907, the wreck of a chartered Shriners train at Honda left the scene in the top photo and 36 dead.



Chalk Rock

From five to 20 million years ago, in the Miocene geological period, much of California, Lompoc included, was under the sea. This area may have been an archipelago of low-lying islands or a series of lagoons or bays, but it was favorably located for the quiet disposition of sediments over vast stretches of time. They were the inorganic residues from billions and billions of diatoms, simple aquatic single-celled algae, or flowerless plants in about 400 separate species.

Eventually, the ocean floor rose up, bearing the tons of sediment, and buckled as mountain ranges appeared. Centuries of rain percolated through the diatom beds, purifying them and at last eroding into the Lompoc hills their white scars as we see them today.

The earliest Lompoc mining operations took place on the site of the present Johns-Manville Celite production area, on a ranch farmed by Francis Baalam, who arrived in 1878, and his two sons. Blocks of the "chalk rock" were employed at this time first as a tentative building material and then as fuel blocks, saturated with kerosene and burned. In 1893, the Baalams shipped blocks to a Captain William Barrow in San Francisco, who crushed and marketed that material as pipe insulation.

Young John and Arthur Baalam pioneered the industry as far as possible with a small market and modest capital until 1898 when Barrow retired and stopped ordering and the market slumped. In 1904 the elder Baalam, who'd never considered "the old white hills" worth the taxes he was called upon to pay, simply announced to his sons that he'd sold the farm.

The purchaser was George B. Hannaman, an instinctive miner from Betteravia who was willing to take a chance. His partner, George Gillette, a businessman, managed the new concern's financial affairs—when there were any. Hannaman launched the Magne-Silica Company, undeterred by the unanimous absence of any market for the white earth. The purchase of a patent for use of diatomaceous blocks as sound and fireproofing began to trickle profits into Magne-Silica, but they couldn't gain on financial problems. In the second of two tactics to lure capital, the first of which cost him substantial control of the company, Hannaman induced Los Angeles businessman Robert Graham to lease the entire property, paying for all supplies on hand. According to JM Historian Dan Gutlaben, the supply inventory was minute enough to include "3 papers of tacks at 23 cents per dozen and two tallow candles at four cents" as well as unborn colts and calves. Graham paid for everything. But still the money problems nipped at the heels of Hannaman and Co.

They grasped at straws.

A distressed widow from Pasadena called on Gillette to secure some diatomaceous earth with which to pack her husband's cremation urn, according to Gutlaben. Gillette sold her ten pounds and assured her that it would be very satisfactory for the purpose. The Company never heard a complaint.

The plucky Hannaman was eventually forced out of the company in 1912 by the sons of George Mason, a later 1904 investor, while negotiating a half-ownership deal with Arthur H. Krieger of Milwaukee, a partner in the Fitger Brewing Co. of Duluth. Hannaman, now lacking funds even to pay his hotel bill, was granted a generous settlement by Keiger for his life of money troubles when the deal went through anyway, with the Masons.

Krieger and his associates' backgrounds equipped them to realize that the most effective use of the white earth was not in building blocks or insulation, but in filtration of a vast variety of fluids, from sugar syrup to beer and pharmaceuticals. Added to these fluids, the processed earth increases filtration efficiency while greatly reducing the time required. The substance's proper name, he and the Baalam boys knew as well, was Kieselguhr, first mined from German lake beds and used as insulation. The German earth was high in clay content, though, and had been unsuitable in filter applications. But Lompoc's kieselguhr was vastly purer.

Krieger became head of the Kieselguhr Company of America at the Lompoc site. The name was changed in 1916 to the Celite Products Company. Krieger retired in 1919, leaving his post to R. J. Wig, who managed the Celite Company until 1928 when the Fitger family sold out to Johns-Manville Corporation.

Shortly after the change of ownership, the Dicalite Company, a division of Grefco, was formed by a body of former Celite employees. The applications of the valley's millions-year-old resource have been elaborated far beyond what could have been dreamed of gazing out over the white hills in 1878.—Compiled from accounts by JOHNS-MANVILLE AND DAN GUTLABEN



A disc type diatom, magnified 1500 times, above, is one of the main constituents of the diatomaceous earth being mined in the photos to the right. Mules and wagons are in evidence in 1926—two top photos. Note the dust clouds rising in the background from the mining operation in top photo. In middle view, blocks of diatomite are being hauled and a typical employees' housing settlement is in view in the background. In bottom photo a 1920s laboring crew is assembled for the camera.





Flowers, Everywhere

The fact that the Lompoc Valley has the ideal combination of temperature, moisture and soil for flower seed growing was discovered largely by accident. In 1907 a Scotsman, John Smith, who was familiar with the problems of sweet pea production in England, happened to visit Lompoc. Here he suggested to bean farmer Robert D. Rennie that he try growing some sweet peas. Rennie took him up and planted half an acre. Two years later a bean seed buyer for the Burpee Seed Company in Philadelphia called on him, was impressed with the farmer's experiment, and wrote directly to W. Atlee Burpee, himself interested in sweet pea production.

Burpee, after hearing of Lompoc came to California with the Sweet Pea seed. He discovered that Ocean breezes that sweep the Lompoc Valley were all important to the flower seed industry he was building. He planted the seed on the Rennie ranch, located near Central Avenue and H Street. Soon, hundreds of acres of sweet peas were under cultivation. Thus the Burpee Seed Company began operations in the Lompoc Valley. With the success of that first sweet pea venture, the famous Burpee Floradale Farm was established here.

In 1920, the Bodgers came to Lompoc Valley. The firm expanded from a one man concern to an institution which supplies flower seeds to all the countries of the civilized world. The Denholm Seed Company also arrived. Another seedsman to come to the area was Anton Zvolanek. He developed some winter flowering hybrid sweet peas. The seed for this variety sold for as much as one hundred and fifty dollars a pound.

Today the flower industry is still improving. The flower seeds have been "shot" with everything from cortizone to atomic energy in the quest for a flower that will be more pleasing to the world's flower lovers. More than 2,400 acres of Lompoc Valley are planted in more than 500 varieties of sweet peas, marigolds, petunias, zinnias, larkspur, delphinium, plus countless other species.

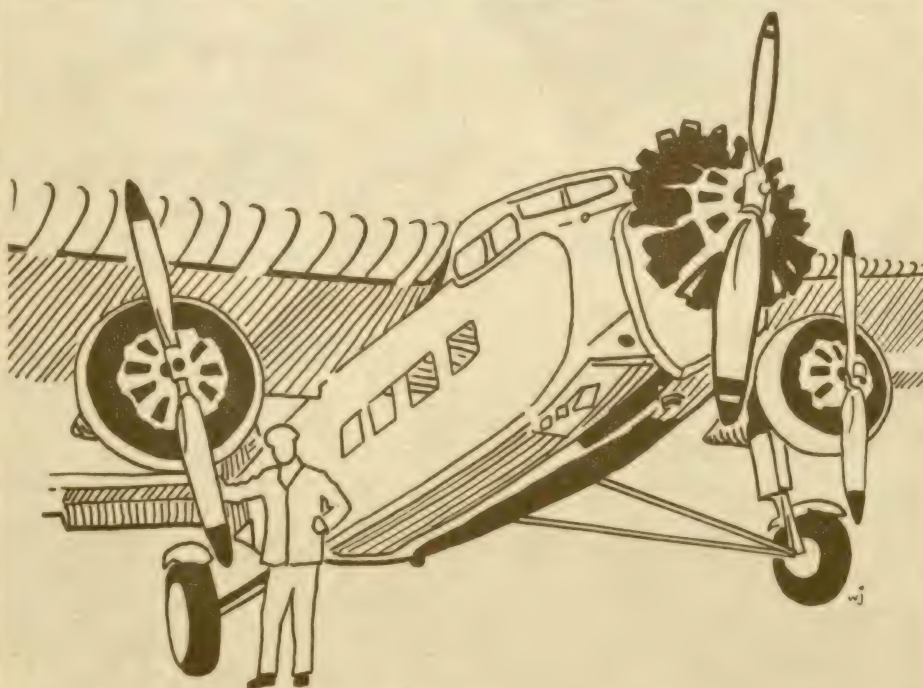
With small temperature fluctuations during a ten month growing period, the cool coastal climate yields to a dry harvest season from May through September when fields blossom into a riot of color.



A forerunner of the Alpha Club was the Harmony Club, above, in 1898, which decided to put on public view Dablias they encountered at the San Francisco 1915 Worlds Fair. So began the annual Lompoc Alpha Club Flower Show, which has since expanded to include other blooms such as the Sweet Pea, left, Lompoc's official flower.

The Bodger Seed Company planted a living floral United States flag at the foot of Lookout Point, below, during the World War II years of red, white and blue larkspur.





Something About Nothing

by Ken Adam

Flitting about in airplanes has become immensely popular among the citizens and we are frequently asked why we don't exercise our GI-given right and learn to do as the birds do. Our first experience with aircraft occurred in 1923 when we stuffed a bundle of handbills up a nearby culvert and received an airplane ride in return. We have long thought that the barnstorming pilot may have spotted our malfeasance during one of his trips aloft—either that or he had a personal aversion to small boys in general. The treatment he gave us in that thing of string and cheesecloth called a "Jenny" was enough to shatter the aplomb of the most conscience-free lad. A week later the fellow dove his craft into the Santa Barbara Channel and our seven-year-old mind was convinced about flying and handbills. But a day came when our town's airport was opened. It was only half its present size but an impressive Ford Tri-motor plane arrived to demonstrate the marvels of flying.

We still wonder how they landed the thing and took off again in such close quarters but they did it all day long and during one of the plane's brief sojourns in the blue, we occupied one of the wicker seats trying to hang on and bite our nails at the same time. The trip was uneventful. We looked into many backyards we had never seen before. It was very nice except for the next 13 nights that we had dreams of falling 5,000 feet into someone's fishpond. Our slumbers were also frequently spiced with sweat blown little dramas concerned with ripped off wings and falling fuselages. It took years of time to push these frightful fragments into a farther corner of our subconsciousness and free our dreams of aeronautical horror. Then came a tour in the Navy, a time in which many persons showed a decided indifference to the quantity and quality of our nightmares. This was probably because the nights were not long enough to hold all the bad dreams that people had. Maybe we can fly like a bird, but we don't think so.

Kenneth L. Adam was editor and publisher of the Lompoc Record and wrote this column in 1947.





Teens, '20s, '30s Chautauqua Culture

Rudolph's Grocery, seen at the top of page 37 in 1926, was located on the southwest corner of H and Ocean and obviously bristled with the consumer goods of the time. Employees pictured are, from the left, Walter Kelins, Bert Dyer, Harvey J. Rudolph, Gertrude Rudolph, Arthur Gady and Wilbur Hooker. Below on page 37 is the Civil Conservation Corps' La Purisima Camp in 1935 during the reconstruction of the mission. Below is a Ford Trimotor, the aircraft that ushered aviation formally into Lompoc.

On opposite page (38) above left, Teenagers Leslie Smith and Myrtle Pierce pose at the beach in 1918. Below them, valley boys say their good-byes from a train at Surf enroute to the Great War that same year. Below are the Wilkerson girls of the first Black family to reside in Lompoc.

The H and Ocean flag pole honoring WWI dead dominates the main intersection looking north in 1926, top, page 38. The ornate building to the right is replaced in 1974 by a gas station.

The Lompoc Swiss-Italian—and obviously very American—Band played at many valley functions. Among those pictured are the Grossi brothers, Al and John Adamoli, Steve Scolari and Ambrose and Joe Pensa. Below them the Ira Donelson and Jim Richardson families motor through Miguelito Canyon early in the century.

Ellison's Chautauqua tent dominates the east side of South H Street above in the 20s—note the lone Lompoc Carnegie Library—and below is the original La Purisima Inn, on North H Street in 1929.

One of the most anticipated times of the year in the 'teens and 20s was the annual arrival of Ellison White's Chautauqua. According to local citizens, it was a time when out-of-town talent was available for entertainment.

In Lompoc, the huge, brown Chautauqua tent was pitched on the lots at the corner of South H and Cypress Streets where the Chamber of Commerce now has its office. The event was excitedly anticipated weeks in advance. Posters and clamorous chatter heralded its arrival.

Chautauqua shows originated at Lake Chautauqua in upstate New York. They were local tent shows that were so successful that booking agencies picked up the idea as a commercial venture. Soon they were touring the country.

Adults paid 50 cents and children, 25 cents, to see a variety of attractions. Xylophonists, opera divas, tragedy and comedy numbers, acrobats, yodelers, singing Hawaiians and inspired lectures were all part of the cultural fare.

The production wasn't always perfect however. Once, in the midst of the introduction by the show's announcer, a local citizen jumped from his seat in indignation over the mispronunciation of Lompoc. He vehemently corrected the man, then stalked out.

A variety of shows traveled around under the auspices of different agencies. Ex-President Teddy Roosevelt was inspired by the Chautauqua that he saw and called it "the most American thing in America".

A wholesome, home-town form of entertainment, Chautauquas deleted regular stage actresses from their programs and added instead, fresh, innocent college women. The usual stage actress was thought to be too risqué for a typical town audience.

Whatever they did, it must have been right, for people from Lompoc to Lynchburg, Va., it was the high point of the year.—By TRUDY SCHOENFELDT



The Epitaphs

April, 1849—the SS EDITH was said to have been deliberately beached in the Arguello Point area by anxious future miners who thought they'd get a head start on the gold fields overland.

Sept. 20, 1854—the SS YANKEE BLADE, a side wheeling Panama liner carrying 1,200 passengers and a cargo of gold went aground off Pt. Arguello, losing 20 lives and \$154,000 in gold.

1881—the SS JULIUS R. RAY, a grain schooner, was lost off Pt. Conception as well as the wrecking schooner that went after her cargo only to catch fire and burn to the water's edge.

May, 1886—the SS LOS ANGELES, a coasting freighter, was lost off Pt. Arguello.

1886—the Schooner COLUMBIA, carrying lumber, went down off Point Sal. Capt. Jacobs of Lompoc salvaged the cargo for his local lumber concern.

1891—the English collier KING JAMES caught fire 800 miles at sea. The crew, who battled the blaze for two weeks, finally made a landfall at Pt. Conception in lifeboats.

Nov. 1893—the SS GOSFORD, another English collier, caught fire after departing Hawaii. The crew landed at Pt. Arguello.

June, 1905—the SS ROBERT SUDDEN, a lumber barkentine owned by the Lompoc Sudden family, ran aground and was lost between Surf and the mouth of the Santa Ynez River.

1906—the steamer SHASTA was lost off Point Conception.

Jan., 1909—the SS SYBIL MARSTON, carrying a million and a quarter feet of lumber, sank two miles south of Surf, drowning four seamen. The Lompoc lumber yard of Lehmann and Klein, and others, opened and began business with the sale of the salvage.

July, 1911—the SS SANTA ROSA, a 2,416 ton, 354 foot "parlour boat" of the 1890s, double decked and of steel, broke in two and was pounded to pieces by the surf after running aground at the mouth of Honda creek. Some five crewmen, but none of the 200 passengers, were lost.

June, 1917—the Coast Cutter McCULLOUGH was rammed and sunk by the SS Governor just north of Pt. Conception, without loss of life.

Sept., 1923—the SS CUBA was lost after colliding with San Miguel Island in a fog.

Sept., 1923—SEVEN U. S. DESTROYERS were lost at Saddle Rock near Pt. Pedernales and Honda. (See story.)

1926—the oil tanker SOLANO ran aground ten miles north of Surf but was pulled to safety. In that same year the tanker ORAWAITI went aground off Pt. Sal.

May, 1931—the SS HARVARD, a pleasure ship, was hammered to pieces by pounding waves after running aground north of Honda. None of her 497 passengers or 135 crewmen were killed.

May, 1933—the NIPPON MARU, a Japanese oil tanker, ran aground on the same Saddle Rock reef that claimed the USS Fuller, one of the seven destroyers. No lives were lost. The tanker finally disappeared under the waves in October of the same year.



'Graveyard of the Pacific'

Shipwrecks have always fascinated men. And along the 22-odd rugged miles of coastline forming the elbow of California, the most adverse aspects of nature have often joined. Here the cold, damp winds that have gathered fury on their unrestrained career across the Pacific meet the jagged sawteeth of rock sent out by the coast in the midst of capricious currents. Here also, silent, enveloping zero-visibility fogs are a truism, obscuring from the mariner the reassuring stars by which he navigates.

Even with navigational aids, the skipper relying on dead reckoning in these waters was often just a gambler. The names of craft under many such men appear here.

The steamer Santa Rosa, top page 40, broke up at Honda on July 7, 1911. Below, this page, practical Lompocans after they'd assisted with the rescue of the ship's 200 passengers are seen scavenging her cargo. One Lompoc lumber company was founded on the salvage of wrecked ships. Many valley homes and barns have been built, repaired or furnished over the years with salvage. Lompoc mantlepieces have for generations glittered with the brass fittings and other mementoes of unenlightened navigation.

Below, page 40, is the steamer Harvard, which in 1931 was hammered to bits by high surf after running aground just north of Honda. Below, in 1963, the Greek freighter Ellen ran aground on the beach a mile south of Surf but was pulled free by the U. S. Navy.



May, 1933—the schooner CHEHALIS, a cargo steamer of the Sudden Steamship Co., former owners of the SS ROBERT SUDDEN, went aground at Cojo after a collision with the schooner J. D. STETSON. No lives were lost. The wreck occurred the same day as that of the NIPPON MARU in thick fog.

April, 1940—the fishing boat SS LONE EAGLE was rammed and sunk off Pt. Arguello by the destroyer USS CROSBY, which rescued her crew.

June, 1941—the freighter SS IOWAN went aground at Government Point without loss of life.

December, 1941—the petroleum tanker SS EMIDIO was attacked off the central California coast by a Japanese submarine and sunk. Security measures at the time blacked out news reports of the exact area of the attack, but Lompocan Charles Sudden detailed in a 1971 interview that he saw empty Coast Guard rescue boats put to sea from the Navy Pt. Arguello station on December 21, the date of the sinking, and return later filled with survivors. The Coast Guardsmen wouldn't comment, Sudden said, but some time later a ship's boiler was washed up on the Sudden property.

December 26, 1941—the Lompoc Record reported that a Japanese submarine fired three torpedoes at the coastal tanker H. M. STOREY, missing the craft because of high seas and also failing in an attack with her deck guns when the STOREY escaped into her own smoke screen. The attack reportedly witnessed off Pt. Arguello by W. D. Wiley and Jack Sudden at 8:30 a.m. was, the Record said, the third in a series against Pacific Coast shipping. Two ships, the Emidio and the Montebello, had already been sunk.

October, 1946—the 80 foot fishing vessel EL COMMODORE ran aground south of Surf.

July, 1949—the Greek freighter IOANNIS G. KULUKUNDIS, carrying a wheat cargo, went aground and broke in two three miles south of Surf.

August 1949—the fishing vessel NARWHAL collided with a whale off Pt. Conception and sank.

October, 1949—the 127 foot YANKEE MARINER caught fire and burned off Pt. Arguello. In September of that year, the HOPESTILL, a luxury yacht, was a total loss on a reef at Pt. Purisima.

April, 1955—the yacht SUOWI collided with the Swedish ship Parramanta four miles off Pt. Arguello, costing the lives of five of the yacht's crew.

April, 1962—an unnamed fishing boat, worth \$4,500 and new, went onto the rocks at Government Point and was lost. Both crewmen were saved.

December, 1963—the Greek freighter SS ELLIN ran aground a mile south of Surf but was pulled to safety.

Sept., 1964—the 40 foot sloop SS MIDGARD IV went aground on the Vandenberg A.F.B. coast.

October, 1964—the \$10,000 fishing vessel GLENNIS C was destroyed a mile and a half north of Pt. Arguello with its three crewmen escaping injury.

June, 1971—the fishing boat ROGUE was lost off Purisima Pt. with four of her crew.

1971—a small Canadian-owned yacht broke up on the rocks of the former Sudden Ranch property, without injury.

—by SHIRLEY LECK AND MYRA MANFRINA

DISASTER AT HONDA

On Saturday night, September 8, 1923, seven of the most modern destroyers in the world were wrecked in the worst peacetime multiple-ship disaster in history, 12 miles from Lompoc in the rocky maws of Point Pedernales 500 yards south of Honda Canyon on the Sudden Ranch.

In the span of ten minutes the Navy lost more combat ships than it had in all of World War I, plus the lives of twenty-three sailors. And it was all the result of a set of navigational errors.

The town of Lompoc was having its regular Saturday night dance at the theater at 9 p.m. Many new faces were there that night, travelers from afar to view the solar eclipse on the following Monday.

The people of the serene community did not realize that history was in the making at that very moment, or that very soon many of them would be rushing to the jagged cliffs of Honda to take part in as dramatic a rescue as has ever been recorded.

At 7:30 a.m., September 8, 1923, in San Francisco, Destroyer Squadron 11, and the Flagship DELPHY made preparations for getting underway. Each destroyer was one of the new "Flush Deck-Four Stack" destroyers, 262 of which were built during the years 1918-1922. Displacing 1,200 tons and carrying 105 officers and men each, they were the "Greyhounds of the Sea."

Destroyer Squadron 11 was commanded by "Commodore" E. H. Watson from the bridge of the Flagship.

Three p.m. found the Squadron's number reduced by one to 14 as the J. F. BURNES split a water tube in the No. 2 boiler and was forced to fall out of formation, possibly saving her life.

At 4:27 p.m. the Commodore ordered all ships to form a column and "Follow the Leader." This was a common practice among destroyermen, but a dangerous one. Only the lead ship did the navigation while the others trusted in her abilities.

The skipper of each ship was responsible for the safety of his ship and its crew, but in this formation he had no say in where the ship went. Even if a skipper questioned the route they were taking, he certainly wouldn't dispute it by radio.

The cruising order for the long night run past Pt. Arguello was as follows: DELPHY (DD-261), S. P. LEE (DD-310), YOUNG (DD-312), WOODBURY (DD-309), NICHOLAS (DD-311), FARRAGUT (DD-300), FULLER (DD-297), PERCIVAL (DD-298), SOMERS (DD-301), CHAUNCEY (DD-296), KENNEDY (DD-306), PAUL HAMILTON (DD-307), STODDERT (DD-302) and the THOMPSON (DD-305).

With his ships in a long column astern of the DELPHY, Commodore Watson wished his navigator could get an accurate check of their position and speed. But it was impossible. The fog completely obliterated the coastline and the stars overhead. They must continue on, using dead reckoning positions until the Radio Compass Station at Pt. Arguello. The Pt. Arguello position was critically im-



Column Left... Into the Rocks

portant as the entrance to the Santa Barbara Channel is only about twenty-three miles wide, guarded on the North by Pt. Conception and on the South by San Miguel Island. It would be easy to miss the Channel on this fog-shrouded night.

Meanwhile, two seemingly unrelated events, an earlier earthquake and tidal wave in Japan and a civilian shipwreck further down the California coast, were complicating the predicament into which Destroyer Squadron 11 was steaming at flank speed.

The Japanese quake and tidal wave, the U. S. Coast and Geodetic Survey had noticed, had caused abnormal fluctuations in the currents and tides along the West Coast, unluckily for the freighter SS Cuba, whose skipper that foggy morning had trusted the standing channel currents to keep his vessel clear of the Channel Islands. The Cuba had run aground on San Miguel Island.

There is no evidence that the destroyer task force was influenced by these currents, but the Cuba wreck was destined to tie up Navy Radio Direction Finder transmissions at a time when the destroyers most needed them, though they didn't know it.

Radio direction finders on shipboard basically consisted of a radio receiver equipped with a loop-type antenna mounted on a dummy compass. (When the loop is rotated to a plane perpendicular to an incoming signal, the direction of the signal is indicated by the dummy compass.) However, a loop antenna without special circuits—which were unavailable in 1923—receives the signals in a bilateral line. In other words, the signal could be coming from a direction directly in front of the ship or directly behind it. The only way mariners could get the right answer, if there was any doubt in their minds, was a maneuver called triangulation—making a brief turn perpendicular to the line of bearing, and noting how the bearing changed on the compass.

Because of this drawback and others, some mariners of the 1920s distrusted the RDF fixes

and preferred to rely on their own dead reckoning.

Since clearing Pigeon Point at 11:30 a.m., the Delphy had been receiving bearings from Point Arguello. By 6 p.m. the destroyer formation was nearing the entrance to Santa Barbara Channel and asked the station for bearings.

"You bear 320 degrees true from us," the station replied. It sent the same bearing at 6:32 and again at 6:48.

A steady bearing such as this could only mean that the formation was steaming directly toward the RDF station on Point Arguello. However, the 6 o'clock bearing reasonably checked with the Delphy's dead-reckoning position and gave no indication that the squadron was not well outside the 100-fathom curve around the treacherous points of Arguello and Conception.

There were no further signals received between 6:48 and 8:35 p.m., because of heavy radio traffic due to the wreck of the freighter Cuba. This was a crucial time because at 8:25 p.m. the Delphy reckoned it was passing Point Arguello at about three miles out to sea, and about half an hour away from the sharp turn to the east, around Point Conception, to thread through the Santa Barbara Channel. Actually, it was about five miles northwest of Point Arguello and steaming directly toward it.

If the Delphy could have received a signal at this point, a repetition of the head-on bearing would have indicated a discrepancy more serious than the "reasonable" variation in the 6 p.m. transmission.

At 8:38, the station radioed the Delphy that the destroyer task force bore 330 degrees true from Pt. Arguello, putting them northeast of the RDF station. Captain Wilson greeted this with a mixture of shock and distrust, feelings which deepened when the RDF station came back with a 333 degree bearing at 8:58.

In that moment of confusion the die was cast. Instead of slowing the column to allow

sounding to be taken, or a 90 degree turn followed by another bearing from Pt. Arguello, either of which would have shown where they were, the order to make a left turn was given. The reason for neither slowing nor turning was simple: They were under orders to steam at 20 knots for an endurance test and would probably win the engineering pennant if they completed the run. So they turned and made for the fog bank hiding the black lava cliffs at Pt. Pedernales, about a mile north of Pt. Arguello. At her speed of 20 knots it took the DELPHY five minutes to cover the distance.

The Delphy struck the rocks with a crash and a roar at 9:05 p.m., followed by the S. P. Lee, Young, Woodbury, Nicholas, Fuller, Chauncey, Somers and Farragut.

The Delphy's bow was split open and piled high on the rocks by the impact.

As Coxswain F. Bronski, aboard the Chauncey told it: "We heard the Delphy hit with a terrible sound. The Young was right on Delphy's heels, and the Delphy's propeller helped turn the Young on her side. Then, before we knew it, we were on. Our engines had been reversed, but only for a second. The lights went out and everything was black, with the fog swirling around us and the water roaring over the rocks under us."

The Nicholas struck a reef further out from shore and was grounded. The S. P. Lee went into the rocks alongside and almost simultaneously with the Delphy. The Woodbury, Nicholas, Fuller and Chauncey followed. The Somers and Farragut, with a little more time to reverse engines after hearing the Delphy's siren, struck the bottom but were able to back off.

Heroes were born and died in the minutes following the series of crashes. Chief Boatswain's Mate Arthur Peterson from the Young jumped into the tumbling seas and swam 40 yards through the rocks to the Chauncey with a lifeline. Seventy of the Young's crew were led hand-over-hand to safety over this line from the craft's upturned hull.

The Delphy's stern washed around until the ship was parallel to the shore, and her men jumped ashore onto the oil-covered rocks between each succeeding and hammering wave.

The S. P. Lee was forced broadside to the shore when she went aground and her officers and men were able to make their way to the beach via a line rigged from the bluffs to the ship. Some of the men from the Chauncey, Woodbury, Nicholas and Fuller wandered ashore through the surf; others were brought in after the tide went out.

Of the 700 men on the wrecks, 23 perished. Twenty of them were on the Young when she made a hard right turn to avoid colliding with the DELPHY. The YOUNG had hit a lava reef on the starboard side and it had slit her open from stem to stern. She had rolled over to starboard and capsized in 90 seconds. The twenty lost were below decks in the boiler rooms which flooded immediately. The other three men were on the DELPHY when she'd rammed the black lava of Bridge Rock head-on at 20 knots.

Eventually, after a lifetime of horror, most of the survivors made their way to the safety of land except those on the WOODBURY, who climbed from their stricken ship to a volcanic hunk of rock about 300 yards off-shore, where they shivered through the night. Those on the FULLER stayed with the ship, being out of sight of the mainland and unable to reach the island; those on the NICHOLAS also spent the night on their craft, unable to see anything safer looking than where they were.

The first civilian on the beach that night was John Giorvas, later nicknamed "Honda John," in charge of the Southern Pacific's Honda Section House. He saw only the S. P. LEE through the fog. His telephone call to Surf Station brought Lompoc City Marshall W. S. Bland, Traffic Officer Glen Baker, and editor of the Lompoc Record, Ronald L. Adam. They arrived at Honda with coils of rope to assist the rescuers and also built a huge bonfire on the Mesa to warm the survivors.

It wasn't until the first bedraggled survivors reached the bonfire that the full story became known. There was more than just one ship! Several hundred men were in the dark, cold, oily water! The call went out to Lompoc where Dr. M. S. Kelliher and Dr. L. E. Heiges responded immediately, treating the broken bones, fractures, wounds and shock of the sailors.

At the Honda Section House the section gang had built great fires to warm the men and for boiling coffee.

Meanwhile, word of the wrecks had reached the Southern Pacific's Trainmaster Foley at San Luis Obispo. He began making preparations for a train load of food, blankets, clothes and medical supplies for Honda Mesa.

Mrs. Robert Sudden was awakened by the constant ringing of the telephone party line. She went to the receiver and listened as the tale of disaster was told. She woke her husband and suggested he drive to the Lighthouse to tell the keeper there of the wreck. Sudden arrived at the light shortly after five sailors had been rescued and arranged for medical help for them.

Mrs. Charles L. Atkins, wife of the third shift operator at Surf Station, arrived at Honda at 2 a.m. She came to offer any help she could give, and immediately went to work aiding the injured. The only woman there, she was quickly named "Ma Atkins" by the grateful sailors.



It wasn't until after 9 a.m. the following day, Sunday, that the curtain of fog was raised to reveal the magnitude of the night's disaster: seven wrecked ships, all piled like toys within a few hundred yards of each other.

Captain Watson and Lt. Commander Hunter, the Delphy's skipper, were found guilty of "culpable inefficiency" and "negligence" and were effectively drummed out of the service at their present ranks.—Compiled from accounts by Sgt. J. P. MOORE, VAFB, and STAN LEPPARD, Long Beach Press Telegram.

A lone sailor is photographed walking away from the unbelievable scene of disaster (page 42) as lifeboats ply in the background between the wrecked USS Chauncey, with stacks visible, and the gutted and overturned USS Young, and the USS Woodbury and USS Fuller, both destroyed on the rocks in the distance.

Top, this page, rescuers and rescued sailors are seen by the USS S. P. Lee (310). The other ship is the USS Delphy, the lead ship in the column.

To the right, a sailor's body is borne along the rocky Honda shore by rescuers and navymen.



From Camp Cooke to Vandenberg A.F.B.

The familiar missile contrails that etch the skies over Lompoc are now almost constant reminders of the nearby presence of Vandenberg Air Force Base. Originally the area was an Army training camp that saw yeoman service during World War II and the Korean War before the air base was activated in 1957.

With the devastating successes of the German Panzer invasions clearly illustrating that a new and more deadly dimension had been added to modern warfare, the United States Army in 1941 sought bigger training centers for the development of its armored forces. The Lompoc-Guadalupe-Santa Maria triangle was an ideally suitable area, and in June 1941 the War Department purchased approximately 90,000 acres centered around Burton Mesa, northwest of Lompoc. Here terrain, ocean and climate—and relative isolation—offered an ideal setting for artillery firing and tank maneuvers.

The new military reservation included 122 tracts of local land that ranged from the miniscule .009 acre L. C. Sanor lot to the mammoth 40,930 acre Jesus Maria Rancho.

The installation was activated on October 5, 1941, as Camp Cooke in honor of Major General Philip St. George Cooke, a pioneer cavalry officer. As a recognized authority in early development of Cavalry (the precursor of modern day Armor), General Cooke was a logical selection when a name was needed for the first Armor training center on the West Coast.

The first troops arrived at Camp Cooke in early October, and immediately set up a tent city near the main gate.

In November, the staff moved into the half-completed headquarters building, and the first flag raising ceremony was held—with a eucalyptus tree as a flag-pole.

After Pearl Harbor the situation at Cooke was tense and confusing. Rumors of enemy submarines lurking off the coast became commonplace particularly after one surfaced and shelled the Goleta area south of the camp. A soldier guarding Miguelito Reservoir, the source of Camp Cooke's drinking water, "exchanged" fifty shots with a concealed "assailant" to add to the confusion. Camp Cooke was at war.

The 5th Armored Division rolled into camp in February, and the steady roar of its tanks and artillery soon became routine. A parade of other units followed. At its peak, Camp Cooke boasted of a 1,500 bed hospital, fire stations, chapels, warehouses, theaters and 36,000 troops. It attracted many distinguished visitors to include General George C. Marshall, the Army Chief of Staff and, of course, Bob Hope.

The outpost suffered from an inherent morale problem since many of its soldiers tended to remain on post. The surrounding civilian communities helped by setting up special facilities for the men on pass. Most were outstanding. An Army report of the period, for example, stated that "the Lompoc USO, when completed on August 7 (1942), provided

one of the finest USOs in the country." This building now houses the Lompoc City Hall.

As the war progressed, a Prisoner of War Camp was established at Camp Cooke in 1944 to accommodate German and Italian prisoners, who very well could have been prizes of Cooke-trained units. At first, both nationalities were housed together, but not for long. Naturally conflicting personalities—and a few broken heads—forced them to be segregated into separate camps. In those days, the prisoners worked both on the post and in the local communities, but only in jobs that were not contributing directly to the war effort. For a time, some were employed at the Johns-Manville plant in Lompoc; however, that lasted only until the plant received the Army-Navy "E" Award for excellence in war work. The implication was obvious, and the prisoners went on strike. They learned our ways quickly.

In addition to the 16 branch POW camps that grew from the Camp Cooke nucleus and eventually housed 8,700 prisoners, a maximum security Army Disciplinary Barracks, later to become a federal penitentiary, was constructed on post property adjacent to Lompoc. Established in 1945 to confine recalcitrant military prisoners from all over, the installation played an important role in the post war years while Camp Cooke lay idle.

Camp Cooke was reactivated in August 1950 shortly after the outbreak of hostilities in Korea, and Burton Mesa

(Continued on page 47)





Lompoc at War

Troops, followed by half tracks, march by the South H Street USO; below, opposite page. The streets were populated with khaki uniforms; the war had come to Lompoc. Top left, this page, a war-time convoy winds its way toward town along the then two-lane Lompoc-Casmalia Road. Soldiers and WACs spend some free time at the reconstructed La Purisima Mission, middle photo.

V for victory expresses the confident feeling at one of the weekly dances for all services at the South H Street USO in the bottom photo. The woman giving the victory sign at the left is Mrs. Laura Trainor whose husband, Ed, directed this USO during the war.

Other things happened during these years too. More than 100 Lompoc Japanese Americans were rounded up by the Army and moved into concentration camps and relocation centers in a wave of concern over the security of coastal military centers.

The local Kiwanis Club constructed a portable "Victory House" in the summer of 1943 for the sale of war bonds, and Lompoc finally received a long requested street lighting system just in time to have it doused indefinitely by the war-time blackout.

Almost all the valley's flower acreage during the war was transformed into vegetable production, with the notable exception of Bodger Seed Company's twelve acres of Old Glory (see photo page 36).

Housing was scarce and there was almost no construction of residential buildings. Townspeople opened their homes, renting rooms in every habitable building.

The Walnut Avenue Lompoc USO was located in the same building which is now City Hall and was dedicated August 2, 1942, less than nine months after Pearl Harbor and less than a month after the South H Street USO was dedicated. There was also a Surf USO, a ways away from downtown Lompoc, but it was heavily patronized because it was close to the railroad depot where servicemen awaited their connections to home and to combat.

Sailors stationed in the area operated Navy blimps in anti-submarine operations out of a base on College Avenue east of the 1974 location of Lompoc High School.

In 1942, the Associated Telephone Company converted the city's phones from a manually operated switchboard to a dial system and at 10 a.m., July 11, Mayor Horace T. Reed turned on the juice and "number please?" was gone forever.—By STELLA K. REED





Camp Cooke was far from inviting when the first Air Force personnel arrived in February 1957 and found the run-down scene in the upper left photo. The guard tower on the left was built to monitor German and Italian POW's during the war.

Middle photo is of a Navy blimp during the war at the Lompoc blimp base. The function of the lighter-than-air craft was to spot submarines off the coast.

Below left is what Vandenberg Air Force Base has become at the end of Lompoc's first 100 years. Above, a Minuteman ICBM, the most modern U. S. nuclear deterrent weapon, is launched on a test shot over the ocean from Vandenberg.

once more echoed to the sounds of war. Its rejuvenation lasted exactly two and a half years. No wonder that the advent of the Air Force four years later was met with a wait-and-see attitude by some. But this time the military was here to stay.

For years, the Air Force had been engaged in developmental studies of an Intercontinental Ballistic Missile (ICBM). The achievement of the thermonuclear breakthrough of 1952-53, coupled with sophisticated advancements in rocket engine design and guidance, provided the impetus in 1955 to step up the program. With the President assigning the highest national priority to ICBM development, an urgent need arose for an adequate training site that could also serve as the nation's first combat-ready missile base. And Camp Cooke was available.

Over 200 potential sites were considered by a select committee before Camp Cooke was chosen, essentially for the same characteristics the Army found desirable in 1941. Its coastal location was an essential factor since the missiles could be launched westward into the Pacific without population overflights, and it was conveniently close to the cluster of aerospace industry on the West Coast.

The selection was announced in September 1956. Approximately 65,000 acres of Camp Cooke—the area north of the Santa Ynez River excluding the Disciplinary Barracks—were earmarked for the missile base. In June 1957, North Camp Cooke was renamed Cooke Air Force Base, and on the 21st was transferred to the Air Force.

Within 18 months, the challenge was met. Old buildings were refurbished and new ones constructed. Ice Plant ground cover was planted to alleviate the sand problem. Missile launch and control facilities began to appear as tons of steel and concrete transformed the face of the base. Even the name was changed. In October 1958, Cooke became Vandenberg Air Force Base commemorating the late General Hoyt S. Vandenberg, second Air Force Chief of Staff and early proponent of aerospace preparedness. The transition culminated on December 16, 1958 with the launch of Vandenberg's first missile. The medium range THOR ballistic missile rose gracefully with a roar that could be heard for miles around—a roar that has been amplified and repeated more than a thousand times in the past 16 years. The last visage of old Camp Cooke vanished in the smoke and flame of the missile age.

Within two months, Vandenberg set another record with the launch of the world's first polar-orbiting satellite, Discoverer I. By a propitious coincidence, the base geography was such that a missile could be launched directly toward the South Pole without overflying any



A Rumbling Below

On December 4, 1960, a large Titan intercontinental ballistic missile, like the one above, exploded in its 14 story hole in the ground with a blast that rocked the town of Lompoc like a minor earthquake. An Air Force spokesman said the weapon, which was being prepared for launch, blew up at 9:35 p.m. during a "fueling exercise". The missile was completely destroyed, but without loss of life.

Residents of Lompoc, who flooded the police department with queries for half an hour afterward, thought the blast was everything from an earthquake to an attack on the missile base.

"It sounded like a keg of dynamite went off on top of our garage," commented Mrs. Don Stalker of 400 West Locust Ave. The sound of the explosion rattled dishes and windows all over the city, coming like an approaching and diminishing rumble through the earth, lasting several seconds. One resident of Vandenberg Air Force Base said he ran outside in time to see flames and debris flying 300 to 400 feet into the air. —

land mass until reaching the Antarctica. This feature of the terrain had not even been considered when the site was selected, but it proved of major importance once it was realized. With a satellite circling the poles and the Earth spinning on its axis underneath, every portion of the Earth's surface eventually comes under surveillance. This capability at Vandenberg has been of inestimable value to the weather and Earth Resources satellites that are presently expanding our knowledge and control of the environment (as well as to military surveillance applications from space.—Ed.).

The Discoverer series of satellites provided other significant "firsts" for Vandenberg. In August 1960, the data capsule from Discoverer XIII was successfully ejected and recovered from the Pacific Ocean to become the first man-made object ever retrieved from space. A week later, the descending data capsule from Discoverer XIV was snared by an aircraft in flight for the first air recovery in history.

The first long range ballistic missile, an Atlas ICBM, was launched in September 1959. Six months earlier, Soviet Prime Minister Nikita Khrushchev had journeyed through Vandenberg aboard a Southern Pacific train, and reportedly avoided looking out at the positioned Atlas stating "We have missiles like that in Russia." President John F. Kennedy made up for the slight during his later visit to the base in March 1962 when he lauded the Atlas launch he watched.

As the years passed, "Minuteman" and "Titan" became more associated with Vandenberg as operational ballistic missiles than with Concord, Massachusetts, or Greek mythology. In all, by the close of Lompoc's first century, more than 1,200 launches have been successfully conducted since the Lompoc area first entered the missile age in 1958.

As activities increased, Vandenberg grew. Its original 64,750 acres expanded to almost 100,000. In 1964, it absorbed the Navy's Missile Facility at Point Arguello. Since this had been the southern portion of old Camp Cooke, Vandenberg now includes practically all of the original Army post. All that remains is the Federal Correctional Institution, as the previous Disciplinary Barracks is now known. Introduction of new aerospace programs and more powerful boosters during the mid-sixties fostered even further expansion, and resulted in the purchase of the Sudden and Scolari ranch properties along the base's southern boundary. With this latest acquisition, Vandenberg reached maturity encompassing 98,400 acres that ranged along 35 miles of coastline from Point Sal in the north around Point Arguello almost to Point Conception. —by JOSEPH T. DONOHUE, JR.

The Big Boom

Not long before, several dogs slept daily in the middle of Lompoc's main intersection without interruption. But in 1962 they wouldn't have lasted through one change of the traffic light at H and Ocean, even if they escaped the leash law.

Lompoc was no longer a sleepy village content with the old ways. The big change began in 1957 when national defense policy called for the first U. S. operational ballistic missile base to be located on Lompoc's doorstep—Burton Mesa, the former Rancho Jesus Maria and Army Camp Cooke, and since then, Vandenberg Air Force Base. Between 1957 and 1962, over a billion dollars was invested in that installation along with the Naval Missile facility at Pt. Arguello. The two missile giants combined to comprise a total of 85,000 acres. They altered the physical configuration, the way of life and the personality of Lompoc and their effect was immediate.

The population of Lompoc soared from 6,665 in 1957 to an estimated 18,500 in 1962. Hundreds of acres were annexed by the city and thousands of homes were constructed to provide for new residents connected with the two missile bases.

Population projections at that time envisioned 66,000 people living within the valley by 1970 and 80,000 by 1980. The latter estimate has proven optimistic by a margin of over 30,000 people. Building in 1962 was proportionate to the population leap: hundreds of acres, once abundant with sugar beets and beans, in 1962 had blossomed into residential areas with sidewalks, schools and tract homes. In 1956, valuation of building permits within the city totaled \$441,173. In 1957 they rose to \$1,041,184 and by 1961 had careened to fully \$12,820,919. Included in the above construction were several elementary schools, a new high school and a huge shopping center.

Part of the buildup was the construc-



Lompoc in 1951, viewed northward above from the top of Cross Hill, was what even 1974 Lompocans would have described as a sleepy town. It couldn't have anticipated the massive growth spurt obvious in the 1966 aerial photo of the city below, taken from exactly the opposite direction. See inside back cover for another 1966 view.

tion in 1960 of a new sewage treatment plant for \$1,000,000, a facility which was able to serve an ascending population for only 13 years before requiring modifications.

In the fall of 1960 over 10,000 students enrolled in Lompoc schools. This was nearly double the entire population of the city in 1956. The new era also brought traffic lights to Lompoc for the very first time. There were three signal facilities in 1962.

When the boom first hit, the city had reeled like a prizefighter stung by a snappy uppercut. At first there was an acute housing shortage to greet arriving military families. Water resources became a serious concern, one which was to linger. Lack of industrial development strained the city budget even more, it was felt.

A large portion of land south of the airport was zoned for industry to coun-

teract this and downtown businessmen formed an improvement association to reverse a trend of declining assessed valuation around the city's core.

In 1962 there were 21,300 military and civilian contractor personnel on the base; more souls than had dwelt in all of Lompoc only a few years before.

The people in the city reflected the change. An atmosphere of hustle and bustle replaced a slower, earlier pace of life. Talk in coffee shops, on the street corners and in the supermarkets was of intercontinental missiles, million dollar deals and even fallout shelters. Seldom did conversation center around the bean crop or the price of beef, though considerable agriculture still existed. Lompoc had a new profile: missiles, money and metamorphosis. It was welcomed by most and displeasing to a few. But it was here. — Compiled from stories by DICK ANDERSON





A Lompoc Memory of JFK

That Saturday morning in 1959 the whole town knew that the senator from Massachusetts was coming to visit. Way out here to our far little corner of California. But none of us knew why he was coming.

That year the welcome sign east of town claimed 6,283 townsfolk. And that morning some were telling others that the senator was stumping for the Democratic presidential nomination.

I remember that at mid-morning that day my part-time boss, Bert Romano, came into his little store. "Would you like to go to the high school and hear what the senator has to say?" he asked.

I hadn't thought I would have this chance. And years later I would recall this moment as the offer of a bit part in real-life drama.

"Of course, if you're not really interested," Bert said, "I would really like to go myself."

"Okay. I'll stay here in the store. You know I'm a Republican anyway."

Bert chuckled and said he'd be back later. When he did return about an hour later, he was glowing. "He's going to go places, that Kennedy!" he said. I asked him how many people were there to hear Kennedy and Bert's radiance faded.

"All of 100 or so," he clipped. "We've never had a guy like him come here before, yet few take the chance to go and hear him."

That morning a group of ranchers were burning over some rangeland west of town and the fire sent up black smoke that pointed down into the valley like an ominous finger. Our visitor noted this and Bert smiled as he told me about it.

"Once there were no questions for him and just as the silence was becoming awkward he broke it with 'I see you are trying to burn the place down this morning. Seem to be coming along pretty well.'"

The speaker did other chiding too. "I think I am the only presidential candidate," Bert quoted him as saying in mock seriousness, "who can claim the distinction of having been to both Lompoc, California and Hastings, Neb-brawskar, and so, in this way at least, I feel I have already earned my niche in history."

The town Democratic leaders understood that their visitor was partial to Lincoln Continentals. So they asked the only man in town who had one, Ken Adam, publisher of the RECORD, to be the senator's chauffeur. Ken agreed. (It was the RECORD, our weekly paper, which had told us the senator was coming.)

"Imagine the likes of us, a life-long Republican, carting around a Democratic senator," wrote Ken in his column the following Thursday. "We'll never live it down."

About a week after the election our town was popping with pride. Our high school band had been invited to march in the presidential inaugural parade. For the trip to Washington the band would need \$20,000. Right away we set out to raise it.

Seven weeks later we had the money. Most successful fund drive we ever had. In January, 1961, the Lompoc High School Band DID march in President John F. Kennedy's inaugural parade. In fact, we even sent a wire to Huntley and Brinkley and told them that our town is pronounced "Lom-poke," so they wouldn't say it wrong on nation-wide TV.

But not long after that, there was another presidential honor to talk about. Ken Adam, erstwhile chauffeur, and his wife, Harriet, were invited to a White House reception. Shortly after their return, I asked Ken about it.

"We went through the receiving line," he said, "and as I shook hands with him

he asked right away 'How did I do in Lompoc?' I said, 'Very well, indeed, for a Democrat.' He laughed and said, 'Thanks a lot!'"

John Kennedy as president, returned to our valley. In March, 1962, he visited Vandenberg Air Force Base, just outside of town, to watch the launching of an Atlas missile. Then he met the launch crew and the crew commander presented the president with an official Air Force missileman's badge. "You mean," asked the president with a grin, "that I get this just for watching?"

Late the following year our far-western town was suddenly a tiny part of a whole nation of people united in shock and grief over the death of our youthful president. He was assassinated in Dallas, Texas, November 23, 1963.

Two years later I happened to attend a meeting over in Santa Maria. Mr. Jess Unruh, then Speaker of the California Assembly, was giving a talk about property taxes. He made a passing reference to Lompoc, and then he paused.

He looked up from his notes and he recalled having visited Lompoc with the late president, when he was still a senator, back in 1959. He said that he, Unruh, had asked the senator to make the visit at the urging of local party leaders.

So that's why he came to Lompoc, I thought. He had not chosen us. In fact, said Unruh, one lady in the welcoming delegation greeted him with "Oh thank you so much for coming, senator. Nobody ever comes to Lompoc!"

And at that, said Unruh, Kennedy whispered to him, "So thanks a lot there, Jess!"

Yet, after sizing up our town—which he could have done in an instant, if, indeed he had not actually done so beforehand—he could have made do with a brief appearance, then gone on to a bigger place. But he stayed!

He delivered an earnest campaign address to a high school auditorium containing—in Bert's words—"all of 100 or so." He joshed us about being such a little far-away place. Said we were trying to burn the place down and that we had helped him earn his niche in history. And no one minded because he was good at teasing folks in a kindly way.

That evening over there in Santa Maria I returned from my reverie, but Mr. Unruh was still reminiscing.

"Years after that," he was saying, "President Kennedy was out this way again for the dedication of San Luis Dam, just north of here. Afterwards, we were back in his big plane, flying high over wide-open California countryside. He was looking quietly down on the land below. And then he nudged me with his elbow. 'Tell me, Jess,' he said softly. 'Is Lompoc down there somewhere?'"

by EMILE L. GENEST

Lompoc's Centennial Families

These are vignettes of the 1874 Lompoc pioneers and their families who have direct descendants living in Lompoc in 1974. Details were obtained from the files of the Lompoc Historical Society and from the families themselves.—by MYRA MANFRINA

1874 ARCHER

DE WITT TERRILL ARCHER homesteaded in the Santa Rita District and came to Lompoc from San Luis Obispo with his wife and eight children. His last daughter, making number nine, was the first child born in Lompoc after the founding of the town: Lucinda May Archer, born Feb. 9, 1875. Of his children, the descendants of only one remain in Lompoc—those of Thomas Ryley Archer and his wife, Martha (Mattie), who was the daughter of Joshua Barker. Thomas farmed on the Santa Rosa land he purchased at the time the Rancho was subdivided in 1912. This was later known as the Alexander Ranch.

BAILEY

CHARLES BAILEY and his family arrived in the United States from England in 1872, first settling in Santa Cruz where they heard of the great opportunities to be had in the newly proposed Lompoc Colony. He and his brother F. E. Bailey, bought land in Lompoc in 1874 in the lower valley on what was to be named Bailey Avenue. The property is still owned by the family today, extending over to Floradale Avenue. Sons William and Ernest had an implement store and were partners in Holser and Bailey along with sister Maude's husband, Ray Holser. The store began in Santa Maria and branched to Lompoc in the 50s, and today belongs to Bailey heirs. Bailey daughters, Maude and Dora conducted the Misses Bailey Shoe Store for many years in Lompoc. When Ernest Bailey left for college in about 1892 his folks drove him over the Drumm Canyon Road to Los Alamos to take the narrow gauge railroad to San Francisco. Representing the family in Lompoc today is William's widow, Ethel, an early day school-teacher and a long time member of the Santa Barbara County Board of Education.

BARKER and CAUDILL

JOSHUA BARKER and wife, ELIZABETH BROWN came to Lompoc Nov. 11, 1874, living in a tent on China Creek at first, then constructing two rooms in the old Mission ruins by building up remaining walls with salvaged adobe brick. Here they lived for two years until their home was built nearby. Gaps in the mission walls were fenced and stock of all the colonists was brought here for branding and selling. China Creek, coming down from Miguelito Canyon, was their only source of water. Barker's home was near the present Cross Hill, with the barns southwest of the mission ruins. Joshua was a road contractor and built many of the early roads into the area, including Miguelito Road. He was also always on hand to help people in need and took care of the first undertaking necessities. In 1893 he was pound master of the district. The fourteen children of Joshua were all in

Lompoc at one time. Direct descendants of two remain in town: grandchildren of son Henry Anderson Barker and wife, Sarah Saunders, and grandchildren of daughter Mattie whose husband was Thomas R. Archer. There are also step-grandchildren of James Bascom Barker, whose wife was Minnie Potter Wells.

A sister of Joshua Barker's was Sarah Catherine Barker who married SAMUEL DAVID CAUDILL — they both arrived in 1874 from Santa Cruz. Of their two children the granddaughters of Hollis Henning, who married their daughter Cora, remain.

COOPER

JOSEPH WRIGHT COOPER, Pastoral Prince, as he has been called by biographers, was a partner with W. W. Hollister, the Dibblee brothers and Hubbard Hollister in ownership of Lompoc and Mission Vieja Ranchos. He and Hubbard owned one third. Before buying the land in 1868 they rented land from the More brothers as early as 1863, bringing in their flocks of sheep. Again with Hubbard Hollister, he bought Santa Rosa Rancho in 1869 from the Cota family—Hubbard lived in San Luis Obispo County and Joseph settled on the Santa Rosa. Cooper always claimed Lompoc and vicinity was the finest sheep country he ever saw—rich soil needing only rain to bring forth abundant feed—he drove sheep from Missouri out here in 1858. One of the best stories of the Old West to be read anywhere is his biography "Pastoral Prince, the Story of a California Sheep Baron" by Frank Sands. The library has a copy in its California section. It was also reprinted in the 1966 Summer issue of Old West Magazine.

Another book is "Memoirs of Rancho Santa Rosa and Santa Barbara," by his daughter Frances Cooper Kroll. When Hubbard Hollister died in 1873 Cooper, in order to settle the estate, turned over his share of the Lompoc holdings to Hollister heirs and in return received full title to Santa Rosa Rancho. He improved the ranch and the old adobe there, planted a four acre orchard.

In 1871 he married Frances Mary Hollister, daughter of Albert G. Hollister—he was a brother to both Hubbard and Col. W. W. Hollister, and a pioneer of Goleta. Other descendants of Albert G. settled in Lompoc, but not until after 1890. No children of W. W. Hollister settled in Lompoc.

Frances Mary and Joseph Cooper had seven children. Their Lompoc descendants live on part of the original Santa Rosa Rancho known as the Rancho La Vina, on a knoll above the Cooper Walnut Orchard.

DAY and HENDRICKS

The JAMES RILEY DAY family with three children and the JAMES W. HENDRICKS family arrived in Lompoc from Hollister Nov. 6, 1874. They were a week on the trail with their spring and covered wagons. They camped near La Graciosa (Orcutt) in a hollow and

before morning were drenched with rain so next day they stopped on the hill above Purisima Canyon to dry out their effects. They had lunch at the Mission, and were served by a Chinaman who worked for Jesse Hill, the owner. Every room of the Mission except the chapel was occupied by shepherds and men who carried provisions to them.

Upon their arrival next day in Lompoc they pitched their tents at the mouth of Miguelito Canyon among the first Mission ruins. Riley Day and his wife, Alice Hendricks, settled first in Bear Creek region and later in Santa Rita. In a 1925 interview Alice said that on their arrival ticks were a pest and every night and sometimes oftener every youngster had to be "picked"! Their first appearance socially in Lompoc was a Saturday night dance held in the old adobe house.

The Hendricks family settled on 68 acres on the northwest corner of Ocean and Floradale—the second home they built is still there. James once told of shooting wildcat, deer and coyote from his front porch.

de la GUERRA y NORIEGA and DIBBLEE

Rancho San Julian is one of the few remaining California land grants to be retained by descendants of the grantee. DON JOSE DE LA GUERRA was granted the ranch in 1837, along with seven other ranches. He had served the Mexican government in many capacities, one being captain and comandante of the Royal Presidio in Santa Barbara in 1817. After 1829 he renounced politics and engaged in farming and stock raising. The ranch prospered from sale of beef, hides, tallow, mutton and wool—much of the business was with Yankee traders from the East. Upon his death in 1858 the rancho was inherited by his sons, and a short time later passed into the ownership of Don Gaspar Orena, whose wife was Maria Antonia de la Guerra, youngest daughter of Don Jose.

THOMAS and ALBERT DIBBLEE, who then had the Santa Anita Rancho (Santa Anita Racetrack), sent their foreman, George H. Long, in search of better pastures. California was experiencing a devastating drought. He reported that San Julian, of all the places up and down the coast, had the most feed. The result was purchase in 1867 of the ranch from Orena and his wife by the Dibblee brothers. A year later Thomas B. Dibblee married Francesca, the daughter of Pablo de la Guerra, fourth son of Don Jose, so the ranch came back into de la Guerra hands after an absence of one year.

Shortly after this the Dibblees joined with W. W. Hollister and purchased adjoining ranchos—Espada, Lompoc, Mission Vieja, Canada de Salsipuedes, Las Cruces and Nuestra Senora del Refugio, owning together some 150,000 acres, with San Julian as headquarters. The partnership was dissolved in the 1870s, selling Lompoc and Mission Vieja to



Joseph W. Cooper

the Lompoc Land Company, Salspuedes, Las Cruces and Refugio to Hollister and San Julian western portion (Jalama) to Albert Dibblee, with the eastern portion retained by Thomas Dibblee and Francesca, and upon their death inherited by their seven children.

DIMOCK

JOSEPH DIMOCK, native of Nova Scotia, was Lompoc's first blacksmith, his shop standing on the corner of Ocean and I for three years. In 1876 he bought 160 acres of farm land, grew beans and fruit and specialized in raising draft and trotting horses. His brother, Dr. Harry Dimock, was Lompoc's only doctor and dentist for several years. Harry rode horseback to his patients, and practiced when his fingers were his X-Rays and his naked ear his stethoscope.

A sister of the two, Sadie Walley, died in 1960 at age 102. She told of traveling in 1884—8 days from Nova Scotia to San Francisco, then by steamer to Port Harford (Avila), by stage to San Luis Obispo, by narrow gauge railroad to Los Alamos and by stage again to Lompoc. Descendants in Lompoc are from Sadie, her sister, Mary Dimock, who married Edward Dimock, and from Shubael Dimock, another brother.

DOWNING

The Downing brothers settled in Lompoc in 1876, but bought land at the 1874 land sale. They were living in San Luis Obispo at the time and had come west by ox team from Missouri in 1870. GEORGE and ANDREW brought along their wives and children but WILLIAM DOWNING left his family in the Midwest to be brought out later if he found it wise to make the change. He lived with his brothers, studying and learning and was so impressed with the new land he returned to Missouri and moved his family out over the plains, this time by railroad. His land was mesa and hills due north of the Lompoc Cemetery and south of the present Haggood School. The first road to the cemetery cut through the middle of his farm, with every funeral procession passing just west of his home. He loved horses and always had a great num-



Dr. H. C. Dimock

ber. Hay was his main crop on that adobe soil.

Willie Bensman, now 96 and living in Sherman Oaks, is the sole survivor of his five children. She was a beloved early schoolteacher in Lompoc. The family remaining in Lompoc are descendants of William's son, Harry, and his wife Mary (Stoll).

FABING

A horse-fancier, blacksmith, wagon and harness-maker and farmer was HENRY W. FABING. He came west from Wisconsin as a wagon master of a train to Santa Clara. The diary of John C. Lowe tells of this. Lowe, a blacksmith with the train, came to Lompoc in 1875 to work for Fabing, clearing bush at his lower valley ranch, helping in construction of Fabing's big two-story house at Walnut and L Street (now known as the Historical Society's Fabing - McKay - Spanne House), and working at a blacksmith shop that opened in July, 1875. Fabing's harness shop, next door, opened in August. When Henry Fabing wasn't tending to one business or the other he was training his race horses on his own lower valley track, or at the tracks at Ryon Park or the Four Corners. He was a familiar sight driving about town in his buggy drawn by two magnificent black stallions, or aboard his sulky. The 16th birthday party of his daughter Etta, in March, 1876, was the first invitation party to be given in Lompoc, according to the Lompoc Record.

Descendants in town today are from two children of his five: Minnie, who married Edgar Huyck and Frank who married first Ada Woods and then Esther Garcia.

GRIFFIN

RICHARD L. GRIFFIN married Maria Isabel McClure, sister of Finley McClure. He bought land on the southeast corner of Douglass and Central, paying \$40.00 per acre and constructed his home there. On his arrival in Lompoc from Soquel he helped Mansel Bennett survey lots and acreages and in October 1875 received \$2 from the Land Company for one day's work at the wharf. The Griffin children were Bertha, who married Clinton A.



Thomas B. Dibblee

Winans, and George, whose wife was Edith Lawler. The Winans lived on the Griffin ranch where Bertha had been born. Clinton furnished and drove the first Lompoc High School bus for Lompoc Valley, an old Reo he fixed up with benches and railings. George Griffin bought the DeWolfe Ranch and nearby 40 acres of the Rhodes place, but a short time later contracted pneumonia and died in 1918 leaving Edith with two ranches to pay for and three children to raise. She married Harvey Hilburn in 1921.

RENNIE and HALL

FRANCIS DANA HALL came to Lompoc from Castroville and purchased 40 acres on the corner of Central and Douglass Avenues. He later bought 1100 acres on the Honda, raising cattle and thoroughbred horses and farming. The family of one of his eight children remains in the valley, that of Frank William Hall who married Marguerite Rennie. "Will" was a Lompoc resident all his life, becoming a professional cattleman at the age of 12 when his father died and he and his brothers took over the ranch. After his marriage in 1914 he took charge of his father-in-law's ranch, the Robert Rennie place on North H Street, where his widow lives today. "Will's" daughter, Mrs. Harriet Adam McCollum, is the owner of the Lompoc Record.

WILLIAM RENNIE, a Scotsman from Santa Cruz, also bought Honda lands. He was one of a committee of men who came to Lompoc in 1871 to investigate Lompoc for colonization. Rennie's ranch was called "Espada".

Two of Rennie's sons settled in Lompoc, Robert and James. Robert lived on the Espada until 1893 when he moved to North H Street to his ranch where he experimented with crop planting and in 1908 attempted the first sweet pea crop grown in Lompoc.

Robert's daughter, Marguerite married Will Hall. James Rennie, who married Eva Huyck in 1893, bought property on the Santa Rosa where his only son William continued to farm until his death in 1965. William's widow, Nora Donovan Rennie, continues the ranch business at Rancho Rinconada.

HENNING

A former Indian scout and fighter with the U. S. Infantry, and a proficient carpenter was JOHN SANOR HENNING. In 1872 he came with a party of men to Lompoc to look over the land for colonization. Liking what he saw he later brought his wife down to pick out a home site so he would know exactly what to buy at the November 1874 land sale. His 80 acres at Central and A Street cost him \$22 per acre. At first there was a temporary shelter of rough boards to house the family. Then he built a barn of logs and added to the house.

Finding water further down A Street he built a large tank house in 1891 and started construction of the large Victorian home which is still, with the tank house, standing there, now the property of the Belluz family. It was probably completed in 1899.

One of the eight Henning children was Susan, who married Vinton Van Clief. She had a nursing home in Lompoc from 1918 to 1943, called the Van Clief Sanatorium and Maternity Home. Probably upwards of 700 babies were ushered into the world under her care. Another Henning daughter was Charlotte, who married William Negus, also a carpenter.

DE WITT CLINTON HENNING, a miller, originally from Missouri, arrived from Santa Clara on the first day of October, 1874, a member of the Lompoc Valley Land Company organizers. In June, 1875, he and Wright H. Peck were sent by the company to San Francisco to purchase a grist and flour mill and accessories. The mill was set up in the old adobe—the only building in the valley when the settlers arrived, northwest corner of J and Locust. The company spent \$3,000 on this most important item to their survival. Henning was hired as miller at \$75 per month.

Until there were halls built in town big enough to hold meetings, all the gatherings were held in this old adobe and the Land Company headquarters were there and the first meetings of the Odd Fellows lodge. DeWitt sent for his family in 1876—he and his wife, Adelaide Benson, had 12 children and two of them, sons Hollis and Clinton, are represented in Lompoc today.



J. D. Hall

HODGES

PRESTON HODGES came to Lompoc from San Jose, a widower with one son and five daughters: William, Clara, Fanny Lou, Amy and Lila. Another daughter also arrived with her husband, Francis M. Parrent. Preston farmed and raised his children with the help of Clara, the oldest of the five girls. He and his sisters, Rebecca Thompson, Sarah Gentry and Susan Dickens, owned four 40 acre parcels between Bailey and Floradale Avenues, bordering on Central Avenue, with Preston farming the whole 160 acres. The home was on Bailey Avenue. In April, 1875, he was elected one of three stockholders in the Lompoc Valley Land Company to supervise the sale of volunteer hay growing on unsold company lands. He had a steam thresher operating here in May, 1875. Son William returned to Lompoc in 1905, this time with his wife, Alyda (Hopkins) and their four children. Two of these children and their families are in Lompoc today: son Ernest Hodges and daughter Mabel Lair.

HUYCK

ANDREW L. AND WALTER SCOTT HUYCK, brothers from So. Westerloo, N.Y., came to Lompoc in 1875 from San Jose. For a home Andrew chose a little valley near Surf, which until 1942 when it was absorbed into the military reservation, was known as Huyckville. Scott, as he was called, bought Lynden District property and 80 acres on the northeast corner of Floradale and Ocean, besides other acreage. In 1875 newspaper reports "Mr. Scott Huyck is putting rustic siding on the schoolhouse and painting it"—that would be the little shanty that was the first Lynden School over the hill west of the present South Vandenberg gate. That same year Scott was selling Thanksgiving turkeys at \$1.25 each. Scott and family left Lompoc about 1877 for Minnesota, returning a few years later and building on the Floradale property for a home. It is still in the family hands, owned by grandchildren Mrs. Bill (Addie Huyck) Leu and Earl and Howard Huyck, children of Frank and Jessie (Forbes) Huyck. There were three other sons of Scott—Scott, Jr., Herbert and Clyde. Scott, Jr., has descendants in the valley.



Henry W. Fabing

Andrew L. Huyck and his older sons, Edgar, John and Walter, grubbed the Huyckville land, and the family of four more children moved down in 1878. His business interests were widespread: a flour mill on North I Street, a lumber yard, a grain-threshing outfit, farming and horse-raising. He also entered valley politics, serving as Land Company director 1878-1880. Later deeding Huyckville to sons Edgar, John and Walter, and the I Street property to Sherman, he built himself a large home on his Renwick Avenue property. The house stands today on the corner of Cypress and I, moved there in 1911. Of the seven children, descendants of five are here today: Edgar, John, Walter, Eva (Mrs. James Rennie) and Amy (Mrs. Jim Richardson).

Huyck Stadium was named for Laurence Huyck, Andrew's great-grandson—he served many years on the school board and was an avid athletic booster.

Huycks of both Andrew and Scott ancestry probably extend into about 40 different Lompoc families 100 years after the colony land sale.

LEEGE

FREDERICK FERDINAND LEEGE, who came to New York from Hanover, Germany, in 1861 at age 16, was in San Francisco in the grocery business at the time of Lompoc's colonization. He and his brother, Charles came to Lompoc and farmed land two miles west of the city on Leege and Ocean. Leege Avenue was named for him. His two children were August, who married Jennie Murray, and Millie, whose husband was Charles Douglass, of the Cyrus Douglass family who arrived in Lompoc in 1875. Charles farmed Charles Leege's property between Douglass and Leege Avenues. Douglass Avenue was named for his family.

In the 1930s Charles and Millie Douglass built the lovely old Spanish style home on the northwest corner of Walnut and J Streets—it was the most elegant home in town in that era. Millie later built and lived in the home at 318 South H Street now owned by Howard Buckman. The Douglass' daughters are Irma, married to Max Wilson, well known throughout the area for his active role in the



Andrew Lewis Huyck

Soil Conservation program; and Charlotte, Mrs. Russell B. McClellan. He was Supervisor for the 4th District for many years. They are owners of part of the original Leege property out on Ocean Avenue and San Pasqual Canyon.

LONG

GEORGE H. LONG played a major role in the founding of Lompoc Temperance Colony. As majordomo of Rancho San Julian he led W. W. Broughton over the hills from Gaviota to Lompoc Valley in 1868 when Broughton stopped at Gaviota with a load of lumber from his Santa Cruz mills. Long became San Julian foreman in 1865.

He built roads and bridges and corrals and made the places habitable—he was a fair and sympathetic foreman so his men liked him and he soon had the place running smoothly. He remained in charge of San Julian for 15 years. When he came to the area in 1864 there was not another American farmer nearer than Santa Barbara. His daughter, Mary, born at San Julian in 1871, was the first child of Anglo-Saxon parentage to be born in the area between Santa Barbara and Santa Maria. Mary married Don Carlos Saunders who was Lompoc postmaster many years and son of one of Lompoc's first doctors. Mary was Lompoc's first librarian. The Saunders' daughter is Vivian Saunders Shanklin. George Long in 1881 purchased 1,050 acres in Canada Honda on the coast and raised cattle and horses. Besides Mary, he had four other children by his first wife and a son by his second wife, Mary Rios, daughter of another old California family who came to Lompoc in the late 1870s from their San Miguel Rancho land grant.

McCLURE

JOHN FINLEY McCLURE and wife, Fannie Hall, were in Santa Cruz when they heard of valuable Lompoc land and stock raising opportunities. He was in the dairy business so he and his brother-in-law, Andrew Miller, bought dairy land in Lompoc. But they decided to farm instead so traded their land for two 40 acre tracts on Floradale Avenue all now the property of W. Atlee Burpee Company, with the exception of Maple School.



Mr. and Mrs. Charles Douglass

The families came to Pt. Sal by boat and by wagon to Lompoc.

Finley built a big home on B Street. The McClure family still retains 160 acres of hill and valley land on the south side of Ocean Avenue between Bailey and Leege Avenues. Grandsons William and Darrell Schuyler farm the property. Another grandson, Glenn Schuyler, farms the ranch of his father, Milton, who married Blanche McClure. Of the five McClure girls, Blanche and Milton Schuyler's three sons and their families are the only Finley McClure descendants in Lompoc.

MOODY

So far as the Lompoc Valley Historical Society can determine GEORGE WASHINGTON MOODY, a Miguelito Canyon settler, was a brother of D. L. Moody, an evangelist, who bought land here in 1874 and arrived with the Fabing family. He is just listed as D. L., even on his marriage license to Rose Telford in 1875. George W. Moody, also from Santa Clara, located just south of the Miguelito School fence line and married second to Lucinda Hardwick Dietzman, widow of Mr. Dietzman and sister of Mrs. Andrew Lewis Huyck. Their son, Daniel Lewis Moody, married Edna Huyck. Daniel's daughter is Wilma Thomas. Lucinda's Dietzman children who have descendants in Lompoc were John, who married Lilly Brooks, and Emma, who married J. A. Burns. Perry Martin, Lompoc's Postmaster, is John's grandson and James Withrow, Emma Burns' grandson.

MULLENARY

JOHN MULLENARY, a native of Austria, was a farmer and arrived in Lompoc from San Jose with his wife and nine children. The families of three remain in Lompoc today. Mary Mullenary married Rock Sresovich, who built many Lompoc homes. Margaret Jane Mullenary married Albert J. Hildenbrand, a shoemaker and in later life caretaker of Miguelito Park. Tom Mullenary married Margaret McDonald. Tom's only descendants in Lompoc are his son's widow and her children.

Of the Sresovich family, Mae married Charles Godet, a painting contractor, and their



Mary Long Saunders

son, Harry, has followed his father's trade. The Hildenbrands are represented by Cecelia, the widow of Dr. Albert Larsen, Lompoc's lone veterinarian for nearly half a century, and Margaret, whose husband is Gil Gundersen, who served Lompoc as Mayor in 1932-1934. The widows and families of the two Hildenbrand sons, Albert and William G., live in Lompoc.

NICHOLS and DAKIN

MERRITT S. NICHOLS, his wife Pastora, and her parents, ELMER AND MARGARET DAKIN, bought land at the November 1874 land sale. Nichols first built a home in the 100 block of South H Street. His daughter, Estelle was born there. He then took up a government claim in Santa Lucia Canyon in 1877, moving there in 1879. He farmed, did odd jobs around the Lompoc wharf and had about 500 acres of beans and mustard on Burton Mesa.

Estelle was a maiden schoolteacher in Lompoc and then for years taught English in Santa Barbara junior high schools. A son, Charles ran Las Cruces Inn for years and the other boy, Toby, was lost in the Alaskan gold fields. The only survivor of the family is a grand-daughter of the Nichols and Dakins, Amelia Nichols, who married John Houk Merritt. Nichols, who was known as Matt, was a surveyor and helped map Lompoc streets and county roads. In 1916 his widow married Harvey S. Rudolph, prominent Lompoc merchant.

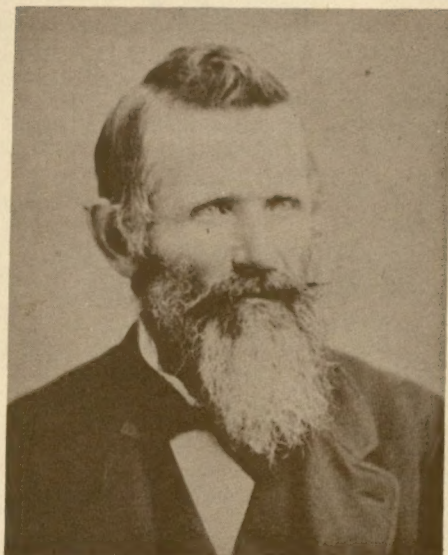
OLINGER

The Olingers had lived in Watsonville 23 years before arriving in Lompoc in 1874. A family memory is that they were nine days on the trail with their wagons and belongings. JOHN H. OLINGER, and his sons, ABNER, WILLIAM AND HARVEY, all bought land at the sale. All were musically talented and were charter members of the first Lompoc Brass Band, a vital part of Lompoc's early years. Harvey was the school's first music teacher, known as Professor Olinger and described as a loveable and conscientious teacher.

John and Rebecca Olinger had six children



Preston Hodges



John Reed

and the descendants of only one, William Olinger, who married Clara Belle Hodges, remain in Lompoc. William's son, Fred Neal, married Mary Kolding and produced six children. Of those six, those of their son, Neal, who married Daisy Rogers, are in Lompoc today.

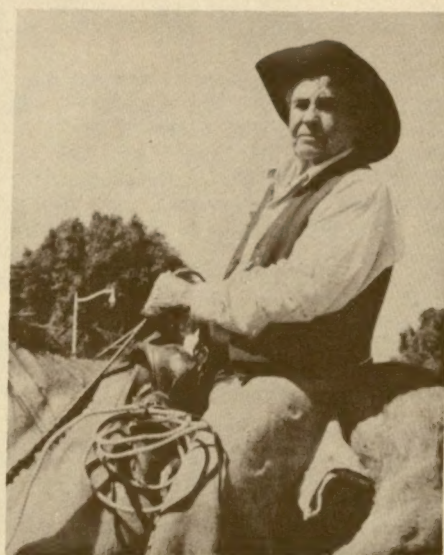
OLIVERA

One of the valley's most picturesque characters from the days of his youth in about 1885 until his death in 1952 was JAMES B. OLIVERA, who was born in an adobe near the site of the present Marshallia Ranch headquarters in 1868. As a boy he squatted on his heels beside many an evening campfire while his father and the vaqueros recreated the days that had gone—tales of the winning of California, the days of the 49ers, the bandit era when Jack Powers and his cohorts used to roam up and down the coast ambushing passing cattlemen, the coming of the railroads and the settlement of the county. With mastery of the use of horse, riata and gun, young Jim became an expert and most sought after vaquero, and he was adept at his talent even in his elderly years.

His grandfather, ANTONIO OLIVERA, and the latter's two brothers, Diego and Lucas, were granted Jesus Maria, Guadalupe and Casmalia Ranchos — the three having arrived from Spain before 1800 as soldiers of the Crown. They joined forces, operating their three ranchos as one, prospered, but were no match for the hard headed Yankee newcomers who began taking over California.

The brothers lost Jesus Maria property either by trickery through their illiteracy, or by honest means; no one ever knew the true story. Jim's mother carried him and his sister Manuela 20 miles on horseback to be baptised at La Purisima Mission in 1870. He moved from the rancho into Lompoc in 1910. His second wife was Susie Martinez, of the early California Peralta and Martinez families.

For years Jim vied with the late Gin Chow as weather prophet and became Lompoc's official prophet at Gin's death. His forecasts were based on a study of nature, birds, squirrels, coyotes, deer, wind and temperatures and foliage. Spending so much time in the saddle



James B. Olivera, Sr.

he was in close contact with nature during wet years and droughts, and was usually the first man in with a deer on the opening of hunting season. Right to the end of his life Jim strode about Lompoc in cowboy regalia, a big smile and a red bandana around his neck. Lompoc descendants are two sons and a brother-in-law and their families.

REED

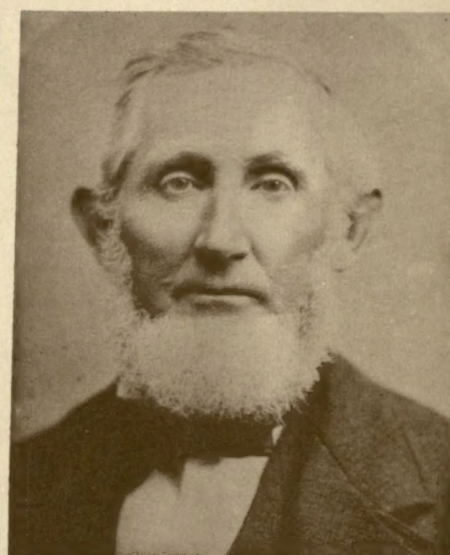
JOHN REED and Mansell V. Bennett surveyed the townsite of Lompoc and it was according to their maps that the present city was built. They also pushed their way through the thick brush which covered the valley in 1874, and surveyed the whole valley floor. Reed arrived in Lompoc with the advance men in September of 1874. He had farm land between DeWolfe and Artesia Avenues on Central in the lower valley where he erected a two-story brick home, the only one of its kind in the valley ever. It stood east of the slough on Central Avenue in the approximate center of his 120 acres.

He sold this ranch and in 1890 still retained 160 acres in the Santa Rita District and one block within the city. Reed had nine children from two marriages. His 13 year old son, Arch, came with his father to survey the land and sat on the boot of the lumbering stage which carried the auctioneer from spot to spot in the valley, followed by a crowd of prospective buyers.

In 1931 Arch Reed was one of those citizens who urged restoration of La Purisima Mission. Descendants of John in the valley today are those of his son, Lincoln, who started Reedson's Dairy in 1921 with his son Horace. The latter was elected Mayor in 1942-44.

RICHARDSON

JAMES RICHARDSON came from San Jose with the Huycks. His home place was on the corner of Renwick and Ocean in the Lynden District. Daughter Clara, Mrs. Thomas Clark, taught at Lynden School many years and when the school house was washed down China Creek in the 1907 flood, school was held in Richardson's home until a new school could be built. Daughter Nellie taught at



Joseph Ruffner

Miguelito and other schools and first married Walter Huyck, son of Andrew; then Walter Calvert, who was the founder of the Lompoc Theater. Nellie's grandchildren are in Lompoc today. Daughter Kitty Richardson married Frank Rudolph and Jim Richardson married Amy Huyck, Walter's sister. Both Kitty and Jim have descendants here.

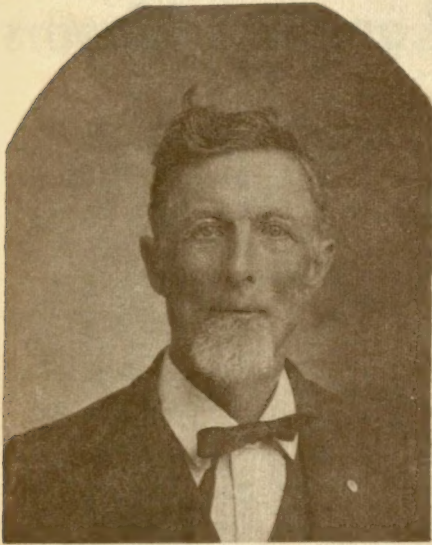
RUFFNER

JOSEPH RUFFNER moved his family to Lompoc in 1874, farming in several areas of the valley before purchasing 123 acres on the west side of China Creek. He also raised fancy horses. His four children, all natives of Santa Cruz, were William, Ella, Anna and Edwin. In Lompoc today are descendants of both William and Edwin. Two of William's sons, Benjamin and Stanley, had Ruffner & Ruffner Chevrolet Garage for years, it later becoming Ruffner & Schuyler and then Sunset Chevrolet—located first in the building that recently housed the Lompoc Record, later moving to the corner of the block that is today the Walnut Plaza.

ROBERTS

GEORGE ROBERTS and his wife Nancy were first landowners. He was one of the organizers of the Lompoc Valley Land Company and served as secretary for a term. He was also president of the first bank in Lompoc and built the first drug store on Ocean and H Street, rented it to Bidlack and Green who dared to sell forbidden whiskies in the new temperance colony. He bought the druggists out in Sept. 1875.

He erected in 1890 the brick building that now stands on the northwest corner of H and Ocean. The Roberts divided their time in later years between Lompoc and San Jose where they had extensive interests also, and he died there in 1920. Shortly before his death George gave all his Lompoc property to his nephew, Lee Forest Stillman. His papers and books are still in the hands of his descendants, the family of his great-nephew's wife, Mrs. Erwin Stillman, and children.



Martin Van Buren Sanor

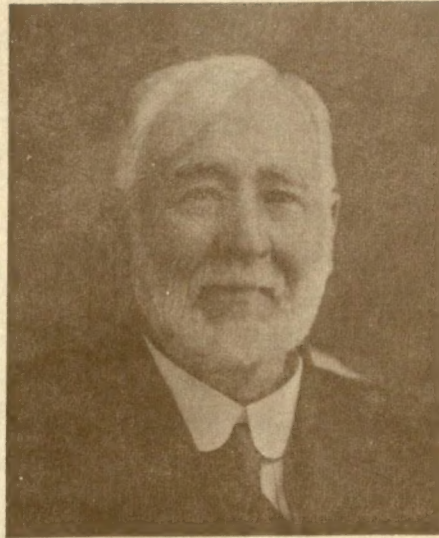
SANOR

MARTIN VAN BUREN SANOR and his family came to Lompoc from Santa Clara Valley where they had farmed. His Lompoc ranch was north of the corner of Central and Floradale on what was in later years known as the Warnekros Ranch. The house stood until 1965. There were seven children born to the Sanors. One daughter, Tessie, married Dr. William Warnekros, who bought the old ranch, which is still family owned. A son, George Franklin Sanor, farmed his own ranch at Floradale and Central. George was Lompoc Mayor in the 1930s, always active in community affairs, as was his wife, Mary.

Another son, William Henry Sanor, married Mary Kieran a local schoolteacher. William at a young age worked as a contractor for the Southern Pacific Railroad helping to build the coastal line. He later returned to farming. He built the home on the northeast corner of Walnut and J Street in which his daughter, Lucille, and her husband, Dean Martin now reside.

SLOAN

JAMES SLOAN came to Lompoc as a shepherd, his speech rich with the Scotch burr. In his first year here he had many jobs, one at the Lompoc wharf as a wharfinger. He soon acquired some cattle which he butchered and peddled the meat to hotels and folks around the very small town. He owned no horse or carriage, but carried the meat in a basket. As the town grew his business prospered and he built a small barnlike structure on South A near the present Hapgood School, and was able to peddle his meat in a new team-drawn butcher wagon. Farmwives loved this service and could serve fresh beef instead of salted or dried meats so common in those days. He had no competition and his business boomed with the building of the railroad—many merchants had stores in the temporary railroad town of Bridgeport near the mouth of the Santa Ynez River. He built a fine store on the southeast alley corner of the 100 block of South H Street—called it Central Market—and there was not a child



George Roberts

in the whole area who had not received a frankfurter from Smiling Jim Sloan. In 1909 he sold his shop but retained the slaughterhouse he had established near LaSalle Canyon entrance in partnership with Nat Stewart.

James Sloan was a member of Lompoc's first City Council, and an early Mayor. He was first Chamber of Commerce president, first Pioneer Society President and for 25 years presided over the Bank of Lompoc (now Bank of America). His son Harry continued his cattle and land interests and after Jim's death in 1928, under the name of San Pasqual Land and Cattle Company. Harry's widow, Clara Turner Sloan, resides in the home they built next door to the original Sloan place on South H Street. Her son, James Sloan and family reside on original Sloan property in LaSalle Canyon.

SUMMERS

HENRY SUMMERS, from Hambourg, Germany in 1856, came to Lompoc from Watsonville with the land buyers. He purchased 160 acres of all wild and uncleared land and turned the first furrow in the valley. His place was the land on which the Union Sugar buildings stand at the corner of Central and Union Sugar Avenue. He was instrumental in the start of Artesia School where his eight children received their education. Children of his son, George Henry, who married Maude Parsons, remain in the valley.

George was a farmer and three of his sons, LeRoy, Leland and George, are following the family tradition, farming George and Maude's original land on Central Avenue and other valley acreages. Their families and that of daughter Dorothy (Mrs. William Scolari) are Lompoc residents today. Maude's parents, Henry and Sarah Parsons, were also in Lompoc at one time. Maude was an early schoolteacher. Her father was a very staid and correct old gentleman, active in politics and the Republican Party. He would accompany his sons and daughter to Artesia Social Club Dances where his other daughter Maude and family were attending. He died at the Jalama ranch his two sons were farming in 1938.



James Sloan

1875

WILLIAM ARKLEY
LUCIEN CRAFT
JOHN CRAFT
CYRUS DOUGLASS
JAMES H. HARRIS
CHARLES LaSALLE
JOHN C. LOWE
HENRY McCABE
JOSIAH McDONALD
JOHN C. MURRAY
CAMILO RIOS
MRS. SYLVIA ROGERS
JOSEPH TOLBERT
CYRUS J. YOUNG

1876

HARRY BATKIN
ABRAM COLLAR
SAMUEL DICKINSON
PHILIP EDINGTON
HARVEY S. RUDOLPH
WILLIAM H. SCHUYLER
HENRY W. SALZMAN
CHARLES L. SAUNDERS
JAMES WINN

1877

JAMES W. ALLEN
JAMES W. SAUNDERS
ELIAS SWOPE
DANIEL TRUITT

1878

FRANCIS BALAAM
MAGGIE HOGAN
SOREN LARSEN
JOHN F. MANKINS
CAPT. ROBERT SUDDEN
NAPOLEON VAN CLIEF

1879

ADAM BLAND
ISAAC CANFIELD
BENJAMIN DeVAUL
JAMES M. DeVAUL
JOHN FORBES
GEORGE W. MOORE
LOGAN F. POTTER

1880

CAPT. SAMUEL JACOBS
JOHN C. McREYNOLDS
EVELYN W. NEGUS
DANIEL RHODES
DR. ZENE W. SAUNDERS
JAMES F. WATSON

1881

BYARD DAVIDSON
JOHN HIBBITS
MARION HORN
FRANKLYN PRESLEY
JOBE W. SAUNDERS

1882

GEORGE INGAMELLS
MORGAN W. RUDOLPH
MICHAEL SWEENEY
CHARLES VEIT

1883

MARSTON GREEN BEARD
JAMES BENDASHER
LILY BROOKS
THOMAS BENTON LEWIS
ATTILIO PEROZZI
JOHN W. SHOULTS

1884

FRANK BENAMATI
WALLACE DYER
BEN GROSSI
JOSEPH HARRIS
SAMUEL A. HOOVER
G. T. HOLST
CHARLES LAUNER
DOMINGO MANFRINA
JAMES READ
JOHN S. UPTON

Lompoc's Census

April 1890	1,015
April 1900	972
April 1910	1,482
April 1920	1,876
April 1930	2,845
April 1940	3,379
August 1944	5,844
April 1950	5,520
October 1957	6,665
December 1959	13,914
April 1960	14,415
September 1961	16,500
November 1962	20,050
November 1963	20,850
April 1965	23,998
April 1966	24,550
June 1968	25,220
December 1969	26,732
April 1970	25,284
April 1971	25,450
April 1972	25,800
April 1973	26,250

NOTE: Figures for the years 1890 through 1960 were the results of either a special or official census during that year. Figures from 1961 through 1973 are population estimates of the California State Department of Finance.

The leap in population between 1957 and 1959 reflects the permanent manning in force of Vandenberg Air Force Base. The bulging figure for 1969 results from the inclusion in that year of 1,532 inmates of the Federal Correctional Institution, which was annexed to the city.

Lompoc's Mayors

1888-1890
H. S. RUDOLPH
1890-1896
JAMES SLOAN
1896-1897
W. G. McGEE
1897-1898
W. H. SUDDEN
1898-1898
NAT STEWART
1898-1906
W. W. BROUGHTON
1906-1910
HENSON POLAND
1910-1911
O. HOOVER
1911-1914
Q. R. McADAM
1914-1932
A. C. WHITTEMORE
1932-1934
G. T. GUNDERSON
1934-1938
GEORGE SANOR
1938-1940
L. E. HEIGHES, Sr.
1940-1942
M. K. LEWIS
1942-1944
H. . REED
1944-1946
M. V. DUNCAN
1946-1948
C. A. STADLEY
1948-1950
J. R. LIND
1950-1951
R. W. CHILSON
1951-1956
R. C. JACOBS
1956-1960
H. G. THOMPSON
1960-1962
F. J. TWYFORD
1962 - 2-6-68
H. G. THOMPSON
2-6-68 - 4-16-68
RICHARD K. JACOBY
4-16-68 - 4-15-69
ROBERT D. MacCLURE
4-15-69 - 4-21-70
ROBERT D. MacCLURE
4-21-70 - 4-18-72
ARTHUR D. SCOTT, Jr.
4-18-72 - 4-24-73
GEORGE L. COTSENMOYER
4-24-73 -
EUGENE C. STEVENS

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